THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT.)

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THE

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N° XXXI.

MELISSA was the daughter of a weak indulgent mother, who was left a young widow with two children; ſhe had a handſome perſon, a tolerable fortune and good natural parts; uncontrouled in her education, ſhe was permitted to indulge herſelf in ſtudies of a romantic turn, and before ſhe compleated her ſixteenth year was to be found in all the circles of prating ſentimentaliſts, who fill the ſilly heads of young women with female friendſhip and platonic love.

The ordinary pleaſures and accompliſhments of her own ſex were below the notice of Meliſſa; from the tumult of a noiſy country-dance ſhe revolted with horror, as from the orgies of Bacchus; a ſoul of her ſeraphic caſt could not deſcend to the vulgar employment of the needle,

and the ornaments of dreſs claimed no ſhare in the attention of a being ſo engaged in ſtudies of a ſublimer ſort: She loved muſic, but they were plaintive Lydian airs with dying cadences, warbled by ſome female friend at the ſide of a rivulet, or under the ſhade of an arbour; and if the ſummer zephyrs murmured to the melody, it was ſo much the better for Meliſſa; then ſhe would ſit rapt in penſive pleaſure with the hand of her friend faſt cloſed in her's, and call it the ſoul's harmony: To theſe nymph-like retirements that filthy ſatyr man was never admitted; he was not thought or ſpoken of but with terror and averſion: When the ſtrain was finiſhed, ſhe would break out into ſome poetic rhapſody upon *friendſhip*, *contemplation*, *night*, or ſome ſuch ſubject, which her memory ſupplied her with very readily on ſuch occaſions.

In the mean time the impertinence of ſuitors occaſionally interrupted the more refined enjoyments of Meliſſa's ſoul: One of theſe was a gentleman of good birth, conſiderable fortune, and an unexceptionable character; but the florid health of the robuſt creature was an inſuperable objection, and having caſually let fall a hint that he was fond of hunting, ſhe diſmiſt him to his vulgar ſports with a becoming diſdain: Her ſecond ſuitor was a handſome young officer the

cadet of a noble houſe; this attack was carried on very briſkly, and Meliſſa was only ſaved from the horrors of matrimony by luckily diſcovering that her lover was ſo devoid of taſte and underſtanding, as to profeſs a preference for that rake Tom Jones before the moral Sir Charles Grandiſon; ſuch a ſin againſt ſentiment would have been enough to have undone him for ever with Meliſſa, if no other objection had ariſen; but this being followed up with many like inſtances of bad taſte in the belles-lettres, he was peremptorily diſcarded: A third offer came from a man of high rank and fortune, and was preſſed upon her by her mother with much earneſt ſolicitation; for in fact it was a very advantageous propoſal; the lover was polite, good-natured, generous and of an amiable character, but in the unguarded warmth of his heart he let fall the diſtant expreſſion of a hope, that he might have an heir to his eſtate and titles; the ſenſuality of which idea was ſuch a groſs affront to the delicate Meliſſa, that he, like the others, was ſent off with a refuſal.

The report of theſe rebuffs ſet Meliſſa free from any future ſolicitations, and it appeared as if ſhe was deſtined to enjoy a ſabbath of virginity for the reſt of her days: So many years elapſed, that ſhe now began to tread the down-hill path

of life, grew ſlatternly and took ſnuff: Still the gentle paſſion of friendſhip did not abate, her attachment for Partheniſſa grew cloſer than ever, and if by evil accident theſe tender companions were ſeparated for a day, eight ſides of letter-paper could not contain the effuſions of their affection.

I ſhould have told the reader that Meliſſa had a ſiſter ſome years younger than herſelf, brought up from her childhood by a maiden aunt, who was what the polite world calls in contempt a good ſort of woman, ſo that poor Maria was educated accordingly, and juſtly held in ſovereign contempt for her vulgar endowments by Meliſſa; there were other trifling reaſons which helped to put her out of favour with her more accompliſhed ſiſter; for, as I have already hinted, ſhe was ſeveral years younger, and in ſome opinions rather handſomer; they ſeldom met however and never correſponded, for Maria had no ſtile and little ſentiment; ſhe dreſſed her own caps, mended her own linen, and took charge of her aunt's houſehold: It was therefore with ſome degree of ſurprize, that Meliſſa received the news of Maria's being on the point of marrying a nobleman, and that ſurprize was probably enhanced upon hearing, that this noble perſon was the very man, who ſome years ago had vainly aſpired

aſpired to ſolicit the impregnable Meliſſa herſelf: If ſhe turned pale upon the receipt of this intelligence, eat no dinner that day and took no ſleep that night, candour will impute it to the exceſs of Meliſſa's ſenſibility and the kind intereſt ſhe took in the happy proſpect of her ſiſter's marriage; but a cenſorious world gives ſtrange interpretations, and ſome people were ready enough to ſay ill-natured things on the occaſion; the behaviour of that amiable lady ſoon confuted ſuch inſinuations, for ſhe immediately ſet out for her aunt's, where Maria was receiving his lordſhip's viſits every day, and where Meliſſa's preſence muſt have greatly added to the felicity of both parties.

Her preparations for this viſit were ſuch as ſhe had never made before, for though in general ſhe was rather negligent of her dreſs, ſhe put her art to the utmoſt ſtretch on this occaſion, and left no effort untried that might do credit to her ſiſter by ſetting off her own appearance in his lordſhip's eyes upon the meeting: Whilſt ſhe gave her perſon full diſplay ſhe did not ſpare her wit, and to make up for the taciturnity of Maria kept my lord in full diſcourſe all the time he ſtaid; ſhe likewiſe from her love of information ſet Maria right in many particulars, which that young lady through want of education was igno-

rant of, and plainly ſhewed the lover, that there was ſome underſtanding in the family on her part at leaſt, whatever the deficiency might be where he had fixt his choice.

Whether it was owing to theſe ſifterly endeavours of Meliſſa, or to what other cauſe does not appear, but it ſhould ſeem as if my lord's attention to Maria grew ſtronger in proportion as Meliſſa ſtrove to attract it towards herſelf; and upon her hinting with ſome degree of raillery at what had formerly paſſed between them, his lordſhip looked her ſteadily in the face for ſome moments, then turned his eyes upon her ſiſter, and ſilently walked out of the room.

As it is not to be ſuſpected, that Meliſſa, with a ſoul ſuperior to all vulgar paſſions, could be envious of ſo mean a rival as Maria, it is not eaſy to account for the ſudden change of her behaviour to the noble ſuitor on his next viſit to her ſiſter: Inſtead of thoſe ſtudied attentions ſhe had paid him at their firſt meeting, ſhe now induſtriouſly took no notice of him, and ſate rapt in her own happy meditations; till upon his preſenting to her ſiſter a magnificent ſuit of jewels, the luſtre of thoſe ſparkling gems ſo dazzled her ſight, that the tears ſtarted in her eyes, the colour fled from her cheeks, and ſhe hurried out

out of the room in evident perturbation of ſpirit.

Upon entering her bedchamber ſhe diſcovered on her toilette a pacquet from her beloved Partheniſſa; nothing was ever ſo ſeaſonable; ſhe ſnatched it up with eagerneſs, haſtily broke it open, kiſſed it, and began to read. This valuable manuſcript was rather of the longeſt; it ſet out with a great deal of ingenious ridicule at the expence of the fond couple on the point of marriage; then digreſſed into an animated deſcription of the more refined enjoyments of female friendſhip, and concluded as follows:

" After all I have been ſaying, how ſhall I " gain credit with Meliſſa, and what will ſhe " think of her friend, when I tell her, that I " have at laſt met with one of the male ſex, who " is not abſolutely diſagreeable! perhaps I might " even add, that Count Ranceval is ſo amiable a " man, that were I poſſeſſed of Meliſſa's charms " —but whither am I running? He is rich, " generous, and of noble rank.—And what are " theſe but feathers, you will ſay?—True, yet " ſuch feathers have their weight in the world's " ſcale.—Well, but Meliſſa is above the world.— " No matter; ſtill it is a galling thing to yield " precedence to a chit like Maria: What, tho' " nature has endowed you with pre-eminence of

" talents, tho' your ſoul moves in a ſuperior " ſphere to her's, ſtill you know reſpect will fol- " low rank; but Counteſs Ranceval would ſet " all to rights, and keep your natural ſuperiority " unqueſtioned—So now the miſchief's out; " you have my heart upon my paper.

" You will wonder what ſhould bring a noble " ſtranger into ſo obſcure a corner of the world " as ours: Health, my dear, is the Count's pre- " tence: He may give Meliſſa probably a better " reaſon, but this is the oſtenſible one; and cer- " tainly he is of a ſlim and delicate habit; he " ſeems to be all ſoul and ſentiment; nothing " earthy or corporeal about him: A compleat " maſter of the Engliſh language, and well " verſed in our Engliſh authors, particularly the " dramatic ones, of whoſe works he is paſſion- " ately fond. If our Dorſetſhire downs and gen- " tle exerciſe reſtore his health, he is ſoon to " leave us, unleſs Meliſſa's company ſhould de- " tain him, for his father, the old Count, writes " preſſing letters for him to return to Straſbourg, " of which city he is a native, and of the firſt " family in it. He lodges in our houſe with my " uncle with one valet-de-chambre only, having " left his ſervants in town, as our family could " not receive his ſuite.

" He is impatient to be known to you, and I " ſuppoſe

" ſuppoſe you think I have ſaid all the fine things " in the world to make him ſo; not I, believe " me; on the contrary I have not ſpared for " abuſe, whenever you was talked of, for I have " let him fully into your character; I have fairly " warned him what he is to look for, if he pre- " ſumes to make love to you; for that you are " the moſt inexorable, exceptious, determined " ſpinſter in England. Now as I know you love " a little contradiction at your heart, you have a " fair opportunity to come hither without delay " and diſprove all I have been ſaying of you: " But if you had rather be the bride-maid to " Lady L. than the bride of Count Ranceval, " ſtay where you are, and enjoy the elegant paſ- " time of throwing the ſtocking and drawing " plumb-cake through the wedding-ring.

" Farewell. Your's ever,

" PARTHENISSA."

If the gentle ſpirits of Meliſſa were ſomewhat fluttered by what had paſſed before ſhe took up this letter from her friend, they were conſiderably more ſo, when ſhe laid it down: After pondering for a time in deep meditation on its contents, ſhe ſtarted up, took ſeveral turns in her chamber, ſate down again, then adjuſted her dreſs, then ran to the glaſs, looked at herſelf, put her cap in order, and at laſt rang the bell with great violence

lence for her ſervant; her firſt reſolution had been to order her chaiſe inſtantly to be made ready and return home; theſe were the natural dictates of friendſhip; but upon her woman's entering the room a ſecond thought ſtruck her and alarmed her delicacy, leſt Partheniſſa ſhould impute her immediate compliance to any other, than the pure motives of affection and good-nature: This thought exceedingly embarraſſed her; however after ſeveral contradictory reſolutions, ſhe finally directed her ſervant to order the equipage and put things in train for her departure without delay.

The buſtle, which this ſudden order of Meliſſa occaſioned in the family, ſoon brought Maria into her chamber, who with much anxiety enquired into the cauſe of her haſty departure; Meliſſa having again fallen into a profound reverie gave no anſwer to this enquiry; upon which Maria repeated it, adding that ſhe hoped her mother was well and that the letter brought no bad news from home.—"My mother is well and "the letter brings no bad news from home," anſwered Meliſſa.—"Then I hope, ſiſter," ſays Maria, "nothing has happened here to give you "any offence."—Meliſſa looked her ſteadily in the face, and after ſome time relaxed her features into that ſort of ſmile, which conſcious ſuperiority

ority ſometimes deigns to beſtow upon importunate inſignificance. Maria, in whoſe compoſition the inflammable particles did not predominate, anſwered this ſmile of inſult no otherwiſe than by a bluſh of ſenſibility, and with a faultering voice ſaid—"If it is I, who am in the fault, "ſiſter, I am heartily ſorry for it, and entreat "you to believe that nothing can be further "from my intentions, than to give you juſt cauſe "of offence at any time."—"Lord, child," replied Meliſſa with infinite compoſure, "how "vanity has turned thy poor head upſide down: "I dare ſay you think it mighty pretty to prac- "tiſe the airs of a great lady and to be gracious "to your inferiors; but have the goodneſs to "ſtay till I am your inferior; perhaps that may "never be the caſe; perhaps—but I ſhall ſay no "more upon the ſubject; it is not your childiſh "triumph in diſplaying a parcel of baubles, that "can move me; no—you might recollect me- "thinks that thoſe diamonds had been mine, if "I would have taken them with the incum- "brance appertaining to them——but I look "higher, be aſſured, ſo I wiſh your ladyſhip a "good morning, for I ſee my chaiſe is waiting." —Having thus ſaid, the accompliſhed Meliſſa without ſtaying for an anſwer, flounced out of the room, took a haſty leave of her aunt below ſtairs,

ſtairs, and, throwing herſelf into her chaiſe, drove from the door without further ceremony.

N° XXXII.

THE amiable Meliſſa having performed the duties of a ſiſter in the manner above related, eagerly flew to enjoy the delights of a friend, and upon her return home immediately betook herſelf to her beloved Partheniſſa. It ſo happened that ſhe found that young lady *tête-à-tête* with Count Ranceval; Meliſſa, upon diſcovering a ſtranger with her friend, ſtarted back, bluſhed and haſtily exclaimed—"Bleſs me! Par-"theniſſa, I thought you had been alone." She was now retiring, when Partheniſſa by gentle compulſion obliged her to return: The converſation ſoon grew intereſting, in the courſe of which many fine things were ſaid by the Count, of which nothing was original but the application, for they were moſtly to be found in the prompter's library. Whilſt Meliſſa was amuſing her friend with an account of what had paſſed at her aunt's, the Count ſate for ſome time ſilent with

with his eyes fixt upon her, and drawing up a deep ſigh, that ſeemed to throw a delicate frame into great convulſion, exclaimed—" My God!" ——Upon this exploſion of the ſoul, Meliſſa, tho' in the midſt of a narrative, in which ſhe had not neglected doing juſtice to her own ſweetneſs of temper and ſiſterly affection, ſtopt ſhort, and, caſting a look of infinite ſenſibility on the ſighing Count, eagerly aſked if he was well.—The Count, inſtead of anſwering her queſtion, turned himſelf to Partheniſſa, and in the moſt moving tone of voice ſaid—" You told me ſhe was fair—

" True ſhe is fair; oh! how divinely fair!
" But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
" With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
" And ſanctity of manners.——

Here *Cato's ſoul* ſtood in his way, and ſtopt the further progreſs of his ſpeech.

Whilſt this was paſſing, his valet entered the room, and delivered a pacquet into his hands, bowing very devoutly and ſaying—" My Lord " Count, a courier is arrived from Straſbourg, " who brings you letters from his excellency " your father."—The Count ſnatcht them from his hand with extacy, and ordered a liberal reward to the courier on the ſpot. Meliſſa now roſe from her ſeat and would have retired, but he

he implored her to ſtay, if it were only to gratify her benevolence in an occaſion of felicitating him, ſhould he be ſo happy as to find his honoured parent in good health. He now opened the letter, throwing the *envelope* careleſsly on the table; Partheniſſa took it up, and examining the ſeal, bade Meliſſa take notice of the coat of arms, which indeed was moſt ſplendidly engraven with trophies, mantle, and every proper badge of high nobility; whilſt Count Ranceval was reading, he threw aſide ſome incloſed papers, one of which fell upon the floor; Partheniſſa ſtooped and took it up; the Count, whoſe attention had been drawn off by the letter he was peruſing, was exceedingly ſhocked in point of politeneſs, when that young lady preſented it to him, and with many apologies for his inattention begged ſhe would accept the paper ſhe had had the trouble of taking up, declaring in the moſt peremptory manner that he could never forgive himſelf upon any other terms: Partheniſſa opened the paper, and looking at it, exclaimed—"Heavens! Count Ran-"ceval, what do you mean? It is a bill for a thou-"ſand pounds."—"I am ſorry for it, Madam," ſaid the generous Count, "I wiſh it had been "one of the others, to have been more worthy "your acceptance; but I hope you will make no "difficulty of receiving ſuch a trifle at my hands;

"there

" there is but one good thing in the world, which " I abound in, and that is the only one you have " not; therefore I muſt inſiſt upon your accept- " ing what I can ſo eaſily ſpare, and can never " more worthily employ."—The Count now roſe from his ſeat, and in the moſt graceful manner imaginable forced the paper into Partheniſſa's hands, holding them both faſt cloſed within his own: A ſtruggle now enſued between the generoſity of one party and the modeſty of the other, which was ſo obſtinately maintained on each ſide, that it was impoſſible to foreſee which would prevail, when the Count, recollecting himſelf on the ſudden, ſtruck upon a new expedient for overcoming this amiable young lady's delicacy, by delivering the paper to Meliſſa, and beſeeching her to ſtand his advocate on the occaſion.—" From you, divine Meliſſa," ſays the generous foreigner, " ſhe will not refuſe this " trifle in diſpute between us: To whom ſhould " I refer my cauſe, but to that angelic being, to " whom I have ſurrendered my heart, and at " whoſe feet I dedicate my life, fortune, happi- " neſs and all things valuable in this world with " a devotion that no ſuppliant ever felt before?" —As he was uttering theſe words, he threw himſelf on his knees, ſnatcht the hand of Meliſſa, preſſed it eagerly to his lips, and ſmothered it with

with ardent kiſſes; then applying his handkerchief to his eyes, dropped his head upon Meliſſa's knee, and in a trembling voice cried out —"Speak, loveliest of thy ſex, pronounce my "fate, determine me for life or death; for, by "the power that made me, I will not ſurvive "the ſentence of deſpair."——"Oh generous "youth! oh noble Count!" replied the amiable Meliſſa, "you confound me; you diſtreſs me: "What muſt I reply?"—"Bleſs me with hope; "encourage me to live; or let me fall at once," ſaid the enamoured youth.—Meliſſa paused; the tears ſtarted in her eyes; her heart was ſoftened, and her tongue refuſed to utter the fatal ſentence of death; ſhe was ſilent.—In this awful moment of ſuſpence, the lovely Partheniſſa, whoſe gentle heart overflowed with gratitude to her benefactor, dropt on her knee alſo, and, claſping Meliſſa round the waiſt, with tears beſeeched her for the love of Heaven to ſave a noble youth, who doated on her to diſtraction.—"Think of his vir-"tues, think of his affection," ſaid the beauteous pleader; "Can that ſoft heart, ſo full of pity, "ſuffer him to die? Does not ſuch generoſity "deſerve to live? Am I not bound to ſpeak in "his behalf? Where can Meliſſa find a man ſo "worthy of her choice? Shall the inſipid Maria "ſtart into nobility, and move in a ſuperior "ſphere,

" ſphere, whilſt her accompliſhed ſiſter lives in " humble ſolitude beneath her? No, no, the " world demands Meliſſa.—Shall Maria glitter " in the circles of the great, ſhall ſhe blaze with " diamonds, whilſt my lovely friend—? But why " do I talk this language to Meliſſa, whoſe ſoul " looks down upon theſe vanities with juſt con- " tempt? There are nobler motives, there are " worthier reaſons, that plead the cauſe of love " on this occaſion. Riſe, Count Ranceval, this " moment riſe, receive a bleſſing to your arms, " embrace your happineſs; ſhe yields! ſhe's " your's! I ſee that ſhe conſents."—Obedient to the word, the enraptured lover roſe, and throwing his arms round the unreſiſting fair one, claſped her to his heart, and whilſt he held her thus in cloſe embrace, exclaimed—" Oh " paradiſe of ſweets! Oh ſoul of bliſs! Oh hea- " venly, charming maid! and art thou mine? " Speak to me, lovely creature! art thou mine?" —" For ever!" anſwered the bluſhing Meliſſa, and dropt her head upon his neck.—" Hear it, " earth, ſea and heaven! Hear it, ſun, moon " and ſtars!" cried the enraptured lover,

" Hear it, ye days and nights, and all ye hours;
" That fly away with down upon your feet,
" As if your buſineſs were to count my paſſion——
" I'll love thee all the day, and every day,

" And every day ſhall be but as the firſt,
" So eager am I ſtill to love thee more."

This rhapſody was ſeconded by another embrace more ardent than the former: Partheniſſa then took her turn, and ſaluting her friend, cried out—" Joy to you, my deareſt Counteſs; all joy " befall you both."—" Now," ſays Count Ranceval, " my beloved Meliſſa has a right in every " thing I poſſeſs, and her friend will no longer " oppoſe the tender of that trifling ſum; it is an " earneſt, that ſeals our engagement; the form, " that is to follow, cannot make us one more " firmly, than honour now unites us; and conſi- " dering you now already as the daughter-in- " law of this noble father, I muſt beg leave to " ſhew you what his letter further contains."—He then produced bills of exchange, which the old Count had remitted for very conſiderable ſums.—" The purpoſe of this remittance," ſays he, " is to purchaſe a ſet of jewels in addition to " the family ſtock of a newer faſhion with a " recommendation to beſtow them upon ſome " Engliſh woman, if I ſhould be happy enough " to engage the affection of ſuch an one in " this kingdom, and behold how the deſcription " of my father's wiſh tallies with the adorable " perſon, who has now honoured me with her " hand!"—He then read the following paragraph from

from his father's letter, tranſlating it as he went on—*If you ſhould chuſe a wife in England (which I know it is your wiſh to do) I charge you to be as attentive to the charms of her mind, as to thoſe of her perſon: Let her temper be ſweet, her manners elegant, her nature modeſt and her wit brilliant but not ſatyrical; above all things chuſe no woman who has not a ſenſibility of ſoul, in which the delicacy of the ſex conſiſts. If you are fortunate enough to match with ſuch an one, bring your ſpouſe to Straſbourg, and I will jointure her in my rich barony of Lavaſques; in the mean time I remit you the incloſed bills for five thouſand pounds ſterling, to lay out in ſuch jewels and bijouterie, as befits a perſon of your rank and fortune to beſtow upon the lady of your heart in a country where thoſe things are in perfection. As for the lady's fortune, I make no ſtipulations on that ſcore; but it is an indiſpenſable condition, that ſhe be a woman well-born, thoroughly accompliſhed, and above all of the Proteſtant communion, according to the religious principles of our noble houſe.* When the Count had read this paragraph, turning to Meliſſa, he ſaid —"Behold the full completion of my father's "model in this lovely perſon!"

The union of this happy couple being thus decided upon, no time was to be loſt in carrying it into effect, for the Count was haſtening home-

wards, and Meliſſa had no objection to be beforehand with her ſiſter: Of her mother there was no doubt to be had, or, if there was, her fortune was in her own power, and ſhe of full age to chuſe for herſelf. Secrecy however was reſolved upon for various reaſons, and the joy of ſurprizing Maria was not amongſt the leaſt. The uncle of Partheniſſa, who was an attorney, was inſtructed to make a ſhort deed, referring it to the old Count at Straſbourg to compleat Meliſſa's ſettlement, when ſhe arrived at that city; this worthy gentleman was accordingly let into the ſecret, and at the ſame time undertook to get the licence and to prepare the parſon of Meliſſa's pariſh for the ceremony. The adjuſting ſo many particulars drew the buſineſs into ſuch length, that the evening was now far ſpent, and as Meliſſa was in the habit of ſharing occaſionally the bed of her beloved friend, ſhe diſpatched a meſſenger to her mother, ſignifying that ſhe ſhould ſleep at Partheniſſa's that night.

When this matter was ſettled, Partheniſſa quitted the room to give her orders for ſupper, and the happy lovers were left to themſelves for no inconſiderable time. The enamoured Count loſt not a moment of this precious interval, and with the help of Dryden, Otway, and Rowe kept up his rhapſodies with great ſpirit: Now

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it was that love, which Meliſſa had ſo long kept at diſtance, took full revenge, and, like a griping creditor, exacted his arrears with ample intereſt from his vanquiſhed debtor. When Partheniſſa returned ſhe ſtrove to make her preſence as little interruption as poſſible to theſe tender endearments, by rallying Meliſſa on her prudery, and frequently reminding her, that contracted lovers were in effect man and wife; in ſhort, nothing could be more conſiderate and accommodating than this amiable friend.

An elegant but ſmall repaſt was now ſerved, at which no domeſtic was admitted; the Count was in the happieſt flow of ſpirits; Meliſſa's heart could not reſiſt the feſtivity of the moment, and all was love and gaiety, till night was far ſpent and the hour reminded them of ſeparating. Partheniſſa again retired to prepare her chamber, and Meliſſa was again left with her lover. How it came to paſs that Partheniſſa omitted ſo neceſſary a point of ceremony, as that of informing Meliſſa when her chamber was ready, I cannot pretend to account, but ſo it was, and that young lady, with a negligence, which friendſhip is ſometimes apt to contract, retired to her repoſe, and never thought more of poor Meliſſa, who was left in a ſituation very new to her, to ſay no worſe of it, but who had ſweetneſs

of temper nevertheleſs to let her friend off with a very gentle reproof, when after a long time paſt in expectation of her coming, ſhe was at length obliged to ſubmit to the impropriety of ſuffering Count Ranceval to conduct her to her bed-chamber door.

The next day produced the licence and Meliſſa was, or appeared to be, as impatient to conclude the ceremony as Count Ranceval himſelf. This is to be imputed to the timid ſenſibility of her nature, which rather wiſhed to precipitate an awful act, than to remain in terror and ſuſpenſe. Awful as it was to Meliſſa, it was auſpicious to the happy Count, for it put him in poſſeſſion of his amiable bride. The mother was let into the ſecret and with joy conſented to give Meliſſa away, and receive Counteſs Ranceval in return. The matter paſſed in ſecret as to the neighbourhood, and Partheniſſa's uncle, to accommodate the parties, ſate up all night to compleat the deed, which gave the Count poſſeſſion of the lady's fortune, and referred her for a ſettlement to be made at Straſbourg in the barony of Lavaſques.

A very happy company were now aſſembled at dinner, conſiſting of the bride and bridegroom, Partheniſſa, her uncle and the old lady, when a coach and ſix drove to the door, and, as if

if fortune had determined to compleat the domeſtic felicity of this family in the ſame moment, Maria, who was now Lady L——, followed by her aunt and his lordſhip, ran into the room, and falling on her knee, aſked bleſſing of her mother, whilſt Lord L—— preſented himſelf as her ſon-in-law, having driven from the church door to her houſe to pay his duty on this occaſion, meaning to return directly, for which purpoſe the equipage was ordered to wait.

Whilſt Maria approached to embrace Meliſſa and to preſent to her a very fine bridal favour, embroidered with pearls, Count Ranceval whiſpered his lovely bride, that he muſt haſtily retire, being ſuddenly ſeized with a violent attack of the tooth-ach; being a perfect man of faſhion, he contrived to retire without diſturbing the company, and putting up his handkerchief to his face to prevent the cold air affecting the part in pain, ran up to his lady's bed-chamber, whilſt Parthenifſa and her uncle very conſiderately retired from a family party, in which they were no longer intereſted.

Meliſſa received the bridal favour from Maria with a condeſcending inclination of her body, without riſing from her ſeat.—"You muſt per-
"mit me, ſiſter," ſays ſhe, "to transfer your

" preſent to the noble perſonage, who has juſt " left the room; for having now the honour and " happineſs to ſhare the name and title of Count " Ranceval, I have no longer any ſeparate pro- " perty; neither can I with any becoming de- " corum as Counteſs Ranceval and a bride my- " ſelf, wear the pretty bauble you have given " me, and which I can aſſure you I will return " with intereſt, as ſoon as I go to London in " my way to Straſbourg, where the Count's im- " menſe poſſeſſions principally lie."

" Good heavens!" exclaimed Maria, " how " delighted am I to hear you have married a " man of ſuch rank and fortune! What a bleſ- " ſing to my mother, to me, to my lord!"—So ſaying, ſhe threw her arms round her neck and embraced her, ſhe next embraced her mother, and turning to Lord L——, ſaid—" My lord, " you will congratulate the Counteſs."—" I " hope ſo," replied Lord L——, " every thing " that contributes to the happineſs of this houſe " will be matter of congratulation for me; but " let me aſk where Count Ranceval is; I ſhall " be proud to pay my compliments to him, and " by the glimpſe I had of his perſon think I " have had the honour of ſeeing him before."— " Very likely," anſwered Meliſſa, " the Count " has been ſome time in London."—" I think " ſo,"

" ſo," ſaid Lord L——, " but I am impatient " to make my bow to him."—" I hope he will " ſoon come down," replied Meliſſa, " but he is " ſuddenly ſeized with a dreadful tooth-ach, and " gone up ſtairs in great pain."—" Alas, poor " Count," ſaid Lord L——, " 'tis a horrid " agony, and what I am very ſubject to myſelf, " but I have a noſtrum in my pocket which is " very ſafe, and never fails to give eaſe; permit " me, dear ſiſter, to walk up ſtairs with you and " relieve the Count from his diſtreſs."

So ſaying, he followed Meliſſa up ſtairs, and was accompanied by the whole party. Upon their entering the chamber, Count Ranceval made a ſlight bow to the company, and again put up his handkerchief to his face: As ſoon as Lord L—— approached him, he ſaid—" I believe I can ſoon " cure this gentleman."—Whereupon, ſnatching the handkerchief from his cheek, with one kick, pretty forcibly beſtowed upon the ſeat of diſhonour, he laid the puiſny Count ſprawling on the floor. The ladies with one conſent gave a ſhriek, that brought the whole family to the door, Meliſſa ran with agony to the fallen hero, who hid his face between his hands, whilſt Lord L—— cried out—" Take no pity on him, Ma- " dam, for the raſcal was my footman."—This produced a ſecond ſcream from Meliſſa, who, turning

turning to Lord L——, with a look of horror, exclaimed—"What do I hear? Count Rance-"val a footman! What then am I?"—By this time the Count had recollected himself sufficiently to make reply—"My lawful wife; and as "such I demand you: let me see who will ven-"ture to oppose it."—This menace would have been followed with a second chastisement from my lord, had not Maria interposed, and taking her sister tenderly by the hand, with a look of pity and benevolence, asked her if she was actually married.—"Irrecoverably," said Melissa, and burst into tears.—"Yes, yes," resumed the impostor, "I believe all things are pretty safe in "that quarter; I have not taken my measures "by halves."—"Rascal! villain!" exclaimed my lord, and was again with difficulty held back by his lady from laying hands on him.—"Have "patience, I conjure you," said Maria, "if it "be so, it is past redemption; leave me with "my sister, take my poor mother out of the "room, and if this gentleman will give me leave "to converse a few minutes with my sister—" "Gentleman!" said Lord L——, and immediately taking him by the collar, dragged him out of the chamber, followed by the mother and the aunt. A scene now ensued between the sisters, in which as I feel my pen unable to render justice

tice to the divine benevolence of Maria, I will charitably drop the curtain over the fall of pride. There was no need for any negotiation with the Count, for he and his accomplice Partheniſſa, with the lawyer her uncle, ſet off for London with their credentials to take poſſeſſion of Meliſſa's fortune in the funds, which the lawyer had but too effectually ſecured, having in a pretended counterpart of the deed he read to Meliſſa and her mother, inſerted the real name of the impoſtor. Meliſſa has as yet had no further trouble from her huſband, and lives in retirement in a ſmall houſe belonging to Lord L——, under his protection: She experiences daily inſtances of the bounty of Maria, and here, if envy (which yet rankles at her heart) would permit her, reflection might teach her *how ſuperior virtue ſhines in its natural ſimplicity, and how contemptible pride appears, though diſguiſed under the maſk of falſe delicacy and affected refinement.*

N° XXXIII.

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ALTHOUGH the ſubject of *Witchcraft* has been treated ſeriouſly as well as ludicrouſly in ſo full a manner, as to anticipate in ſome meaſure what can be now offered to the reader's curioſity, yet I am tempted to add ſomething on this topic, which I ſhall endeavour to put together in ſuch ſhape and method, as may perhaps throw freſh light upon a ſubject that ignorance and ſuperſtition have in all paſt ages of the world conſpired to keep in darkneſs and obſcurity.

The reader will recollect ſo much ſaid of ſorcerers and dæmons both in the old and new parts of the ſacred writings, that I need not now recapitulate the inſtances, but take them as they occur in courſe of my diſcuſſion.

Theologicians, who have treated the ſubject ſeriouſly and logically, have defined magic to be *An art or faculty, which, by evil compact with dæmons, performs certain things wonderful in appearance and above the ordinary comprehenſion of mankind.*—According to this definition we are to look for the origin of this art to the author of all evil, the devil: Heathen writers have aſcribed the

the invention of magic to Mercury: Some of the early Chriſtians, who have wrote on the ſubject, ſpeak of Zabulus as the firſt magician, but this is only another name for the devil, and is ſo uſed by St. Cyprian: Some give the invention to Barnabas a magician of Cyprus, but who this Barnabas was, and in what time he lived, they have not ſhewn; though they have taken pains to prove he was not St. Barnabas the coadjutor of the apoſtle Paul: Some of the Spaniſh writers maintain that magic was ſtruck out in Arabia, and that a certain ancient volume of great antiquity was brought from thence by the Moors into Spain, full of ſpells and incantations, and by them and the Jews bequeathed to their poſterity, who performed many wonderful things by its aid, till it was finally diſcovered and burned by the Inquiſition.

Theſe are ſome amongſt many of the accounts, which pious men in times of ſuperſtition have offered to the world; the defenders of the art on the contrary derive its doctrines from the angel, who accompanied Tobit, and revealed them to him on the way, and they contend that theſe doctrines are preſerved in certain books written by Honorius, Abbertus Magnus, Cyprian, Paul, Enoch and others. Toſtatus thinks that Jezebel, who inchanted Ahab with charms and filtres,

filtres, was the firſt, who practiſed ſorcery; that from her time the Samaritans were ſo addicted to ſorcery, that a Samaritan and a ſorcerer became one and the ſame term; which opinion he is confirmed in by that paſſage in ſcripture, where the Phariſees accuſe Chriſt of being *a Samaritan, and having a devil*; a charge, ſays he, implied in the very firſt poſition of his being a Samaritan: He admits jointly with St. Auſtin, that Pythoniſſa, or the Witch of Endor, actually raiſed the ſpirit of Samuel, not by magic incantations, but by expreſs permiſſion of God, for the puniſhment of Saul's impiety, and to provoke him to immediate repentance by the denunciation of his impending fate; whilſt other authorities in the church of early date maintain that it was not the ſpirit of Samuel, but a dæmon that appeared in his likeneſs: He admits alſo, that the rods of the Egyptian ſorcerers were like that of Moſes turned into ſerpents by the art and contrivance of the devil; in like manner the ſaid magicians turned the rivers into blood and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt; but though they kept pace with Moſes in producing theſe plagues, their power, he obſerves, did not reach, as his did, to the ſubſequent extirpation of them.

As to Simon the magician, whom Philip converted

verted in Samaria, wonderful things are said of him by the fathers of the Christian church; this man, Justin Martyr informs us, was born in the city of Gitta in Samaria, travelled to Rome in the time of Claudius, and by the aid of the devil performed such astonishing feats, as caused him to be believed and worshipped as a god, the Romans erecting a statue to him on the banks of the Tiber between the bridges, with this inscription, *Simoni Deo Sancto*. The sacred historians record no particulars of Simon's sorceries; but if the reader has curiosity to consult *lib.* 2. *recognition:* & *lib.* 6. *constit. Apost. in Clem. Rom.* he will find many strange stories of this sorcerer, viz. That he created a man out of the air; that he had the power of being invisible; that he could render marble as penetrable as clay; animate statues; resist the force of fire; present himself with two faces, like Janus; metamorphose himself into a sheep or a goat; fly through the air at pleasure; create vast sums of gold in a moment and upon a wish; take a scythe in his hand and mow a field of standing corn almost at a stroke, and bring the dead, unjustly murdered, into life: He adds that as a famous courtesan named Selene was looking out of a certain castle, and a great croud had collected to gaze at her, he caused her first to ap-

pear, and afterwards to fall down from every window at one and the ſame time.

Anaſtaſius Nicenus's account agrees in many particulars with the above, and adds, that Simon was frequently preceded by ſpectres, which he ſaid were the ſpirits of certain perſons deceaſed. I ſhall make no further remark upon theſe accounts, except in the way of caution to readers of a certain deſcription, to keep in mind that the ſcriptural hiſtory ſays only—*That Simon uſed ſorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himſelf was ſome great one.* The evidences of holy writ are ſimple and in general terms, but the accounts of the fathers of the church go much beyond them, and the ſuperſtition of the dark ages was ſo extravagant and unbounded, that there is no end to the tales invented, or inſerted in the Roman legends.

Though it appears from the ſcriptural account that Simon was converted by Philip, the arts he had imparted to his ſcholars did not ceaſe in the world, but were continued by Menander, one of his ſaid ſcholars, and a Samaritan alſo, who practiſed ſorceries and went to Antioch, where he deluded many people: Irenæus relates that Marcus, another of Simon's ſcholars, was a very powerful magician and drew many followers; that Anaxilaus pretended to cure madneſs

madneſs by the ſame art, turned white wine into red, and prophecied by the help of a familiar; and that Carpocrates and his pupils practiſed magical incantations and love-charms, and had abſolute power over men's minds by the force of ſuperſtition. The charge of ſorcery became in after times ſo ſtrong a weapon in the hands of the church of Rome, that they employed it againſt all in their turns, who ſeparated themſelves from the eſtabliſhed communion. When Priſcillian carried the hereſy of the Gnoſtics into Spain he was twice brought to trial and convicted of ſorcery, which Severus Sulpitius in his epiſtle to Cteſiphon ſays he confeſſed to have learned of Marcus the Egyptian abovementioned; this Priſcillian was a great adept in Zoroaſtrian magic, and though a magician was promoted to the epiſcopacy. The ſame Severus in his life of Saint Martin relates that there was a young man in Spain, who by falſe miracles impoſed upon the people to believe he was the prophet Elias, afterwards he feigned himſelf to be Chriſt, and drew Rufus, though a biſhop, to give credit to his blaſphemous impoſition, and to pay him worſhip accordingly. Paul the deacon alſo relates that there were three other Pſeudo-Chriſts in France, one of which was a Briton, whom Gregory of Tours calls Eun

(probably Evan) of whom Robert the Chronologer and William of Newberry record many miracles; all theſe Paul tells us were heretics.

In the pontificate of Innocent VI. there was one Gonſalvo a Spaniard in the dioceſe of Concha, who wrote a book, which he intitled *Virginalem*, with a dæmon viſibly ſtanding at his elbow, and dictating to him as he copied it from his mouth; in which book he announced himſelf to be Chriſt, the immortal ſaviour of the world; this man was put to death as a heretic and blaſphemer. Sergius, the author of the Armenian hereſy, was charged with keeping a dæmon in the ſhape of a dog conſtantly attending upon him; and Berengarius, chief of the Sacramentarian hereſy, was in like manner accuſed of being a magician: Many more inſtances might be adduced, but Tertullian takes a ſhorter courſe, and fairly pronounces that all heretics were magicians, or had commerce with magicians.

The Infidels eſcaped no better from this charge than the Heretics; for the Moors who brought many arts and inventions into Spain, of which the natives were in utter ignorance, univerſally fell under the ſame accuſation, and Martin Delrius the Jeſuit, who taught theology in Salamanca at the cloſe of the ſixteenth century, ſays he was ſhewn the place where a great cave

cave had been ſtopped up in that city by order of Queen Iſabella, which the Moors had uſed for the purpoſes of necromancy; that the Huſſites in Bohemia and the followers of the arch-heretic Luther in Germany confounded men's ſenſes by the power of magic and the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they had devoted themſelves; that ſome of them voluntarily recanted and confeſſed their evil practices, and others, being ſeized and examined at the tribunal of Treves, made like public confeſſion, at which time, he adds—"That terrible and tartarean prop of Luther-"aniſm, Albert of Brandeburgh, himſelf a no-"torious magician, was in the act of laying "waſte that very country with fire and ſword." —*Tetrum illud et tartareum Lutheraniſmi fulcrum, ipſe quoque magicæ nomine famoſus, Albertus Brandeburgicus, provinciam illam flammâ ferroq; prædabundus vaſtabat.*—He adds, that wherever the hereſy of Calvin went, whether to England, France or Holland, the black and diabolic arts of necromancy kept pace with it. That the dæmons take their abode in heretics as naturally as they did in heathen idols, or in the herd of ſwine, when commanded; nay Hieronymus declares that they got into worſe quarters by the exchange; Caſſian, (*Collat.* 7. *cap.* 31.) an ancient writer of great gravity, affirms that he had

himſelf interrogated a dæmon, who confeſſed to him that he had inſpired Arius and Eunomius with the firſt ideas of their ſacrilegious tenets: That it is demonſtrable by reaſon, that all heretics muſt in the end be either atheiſts or ſorcerers; becauſe hereſy can only proceed from the paſſion of pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, which lead to atheiſm; or from curioſity and love of novelty, which incline the mind to the ſtudy of magical arts: That ſorcery follows hereſy, as the plague follows famine; for hereſy is nothing elſe but a famine, as deſcribed by the prophet Amos, chap. viii. verſe 11. *Not a famine of bread, nor a thirſt of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.*— Moreover hereſy is a harlot, as Iſaiah expreſſeth himſelf—*How is the faithful city become a harlot?* —And as harlots, when paſt their beauty, take up the trade of procureſſes, ſo dæmons, (as theſe good catholics inform us) turn old and obdurate heretics into ſorcerers: Father Maldonatus ſees the heretics again in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypſe come out of the ſmoke in form of locuſts upon the earth, and as Joel the prophet writes in the fourth verſe of his firſt chapter— *That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locuſt eaten; and that, which the locuſt hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that, which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten.*—

So

So in theſe gradations of vermin may be ſeen the ſtages of hereſy, for what the heretics have left the ſorcerers by the devil's aid have deſtroyed; and what the ſorcerers have left the atheiſts have deſtroyed.

Having ſtated the charge, which my heretical readers will perceive is pretty general againſt them, I ſhall proceed to ſome facts in proof. One of the moſt ſtubborn amongſt theſe is the caſe of an heretical woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parſon's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum, modo eccleſiaſticorum*—who from his natural antipathy to papiſts always reviled them wherever he met them; this Father Delrius aſſures us was a fact of general notoriety, and a juſt judgment from God on the hereſy of the mother. Niderius in the chapter upon witches *in Formicario* ſays that an heretical young witch at Cologn, by the help of a dæmon, took a handkerchief and in preſence of a great company of noble ſpectators tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire; this wicked jade then took up a glaſs, threw it againſt the wall, broke it into a thouſand fragments, and inſtantly ſhewed it to the company as whole as at firſt: Niderius concludes, with juſt indignation againſt ſuch diabolical practices, that this girl was well

handled by the Fathers of the Inquiſition, where her tricks could ſtand her in no ſtead; which indeed is not to be wondered at, as the devil himſelf would not chuſe to venture before that tribunal. Bodinus in his treatiſe upon dæmons relates that a conjurer named Triſcalinus performed ſome tricks before Charles the ninth of France, and by the black art contrived to draw into his hand ſeveral rings from the fingers of a courtier, who ſtood at a diſtance from him, and that every body ſaw theſe rings fly through the air to the conjurer, whereupon the whole company riſing up againſt him for the performance of ſuch diabolical feats *(quæ nec arte, nec actu humano, nec naturâ fieri poterant)* fell upon him and by force brought him to confeſs that he conſpired with the devil, which at firſt this hardened ſinner was very unwilling to do; Bodinus with great candour obſerves, that this was indeed a blot in the fame of Charles the ninth, who in all other reſpects was a praiſe-worthy monarch; *(aliàs laudato rege.)* When my readers recollect the meritorious part that Charles the ninth acted in the maſſacre of Paris, he will own with me that the candour of Bodinus is extraordinary in producing a ſtory ſo much to the diſcredit of a praiſe-worthy prince.

There was one Zedekiah a Jew phyſician, who

who in preſence of the Emperor Lodowick the pious in the year 876 ſwallowed a prize-fighter on horſeback, horſe and all, *(hoplomachum equitem devoravit)*—Nay he did more, he ſwallowed a cart loaded with hay, horſes and driver, *(currum quoque onuſtum fœno cum equis et aurigâ)*—he cut off people's heads, hands and feet, which he faſtened on again in the eyes of all the court, whilſt the blood was running from them, and in a moment the man ſo maimed appeared whole and unhurt; he cauſed the Emperor to hear the ſound of hounds in full chace with ſhouts of huntſmen and many other noiſes in the air; and in the midſt of winter ſhewed him a garden in full bloom with flowers and fruits and birds ſinging in the trees; a moſt deteſtable piece of magic and very unworthy of an emperor to paſs over with impunity, for he ſuffered the Jew doctor to eſcape.—As it is always right when a man deals in the marvellous to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the incredulous reader, (if any there be) that I take theſe facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very ſerious and reſpectable author.—One more caſe in point occurs to me, which I ſhall ſtate, and then releaſe my readers from the conjurers circle, and this is the caſe of one Diodorus, vulgarly called Liodorus, a Sicilian conjurer, who

by ſpells and inchantments turned men into brute animals and metamorphoſed almoſt every thing he laid his hands on; this fellow, when the inhabitants of Catana would have perſuaded him to let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjurer and heretic ought, took counſel of the devil and cowardly flew away to Byzantium by the ſhorteſt paſſage through the air to the great diſappointment of the ſpectators; being purſued by the officers of juſtice, not indeed through the air, but as juſtice is accuſtomed to travel *pede claudo*, he took a ſecond flight, and alighting in the city of Catana was providentially caught by Leo the good biſhop of that city, who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roaſted this ſtrange bird to the great edification of all beholders *(ſed tandem a Leone Catanenſi epiſcopo, divinâ virtute ex improviſo captus, frequenti in mediâ urbe populo, in fornacem igneam injectus, ignis incendio conſumptus eſt)*—This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, *(lib. 5. c. 2.* and again *lib. 3. deca. 1. rerum Sicularum)* who cloſes his account with the following pious remark, naturally ariſing from his ſubject, and which I ſhall ſet down in his own words—*Sic divina juſtitia prævaluit, et qui ſe judicibus forte minus juſto zelo motis eripuerat, e ſancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.* "Thus," ſays he, "divine "juſtice

"juſtice prevailed; and he, who had ſnatched "himſelf out of the hands of judges, who per- "haps were actuated by a zeal not ſo juſt as it "ſhould be, could not eſcape from this holy "perſon."

N° XXXIV.

Quis labor hic ſuperis cantus herbaſq; ſequendi,
Spernendiq; timor? Cujus commercia pacti
Obſtrictos habuere Deos? Parere neceſſe eſt,
An juvat? Ignctâ tantum pietate merentur,
An tacitis valuere minis? Hoc juris in omnes
Eſt illis ſuperos? An habent hæc carmina certum
Imperioſa Deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid
Cogitur ipſe, poteſt?

(LUCAN. lib. vi. 491, &c.)

HAVING in my preceding paper ſtated ſome of the proofs, by which the orthodox theologicians make good their charge of ſorcery againſt Heretics, Jews and Mahometans, and ſhewn from their authorities, faithfully and correctly quoted, how naturally the devil and his agents take to all thoſe, who ſeparate from

the mother church of Rome; having alſo briefly deduced the hiſtory of magic from its origin and invention, and taken ſome notice of thoſe paſſages in holy writ, where ſorcerers and magicians are made mention of, I ſhall now proceed to a more intereſting part of my ſubject, in which I ſhall lay open the arcana of the art magic, and ſhew what that wicked and myſterious compact is, on which it depends, and explain the nature of thoſe diabolical engagements, which a man muſt enter into before he can become an adept in ſorcery.

This compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is ſometimes made expreſsly with the great devil himſelf in perſon, corporally preſent before witneſſes, who takes an oath of homage and allegiance from his vaſſal, and then endows him with the powers of magic: This was the caſe with a certain Arragoneſe nobleman, which Heiſterback in his treatiſe upon miracles tells us he was a witneſs to, alſo of the Vidame Theophylus in the year 537, as related by Sigiſbert: Sometimes it is done by memorial or addreſs in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics, who wrote a petition to the Sybills, as chief of the necromancers: This petition ſets forth that, "WHEREAS the parties "underſigning had entered into certain articles "and

" and conditions and by ſolemn engagement " bound themſelves faithfully to perform the " ſame, they now pray in the firſt place the rati- " fication of thoſe articles and conditions on the " part of the Sybills; and that they would be " pleaſed in conformity thereunto to order and " direct their under-agents and familiars to do " ſuit and ſervice to the contracting parties " agreeably to condition; and that when they " were ſummoned and invoked to appear, they " would be promptly forth-coming, not in their " own ſhapes, to the annoyance and offence of " the contracting parties, but ſprucely and hand- " ſomely, like perſonable gentlemen; alſo that " the petitioners might be diſcharged from the " ceremony of compelling them by the drawing " of a circle, or of confining themſelves or their " familiars within the ſame.

" Secondly, That the Sybills would be pleaſed " to affix ſome ſeal or ſignature to the conven- " tion, by which its power and efficacy with " their ſubſervient familiars might be rendered " more ſecure and permanent.

" Thirdly, That the petitioners may be ex- " empted from all danger, which might other- " wiſe accrue to them, from the civil authority " of magiſtrates or the inquiſitorial power of the " church.

" Fourthly,

"Fourthly, that all the temporal undertakings and purſuits of the petitioners in the courts and councils of princes may proſper and ſucceed; and that good luck may attend them in all kinds of gaming to their ſuitable profit and advantage.

"Laſtly, That their enemies of all ſorts may have no power over them to do them hurt.

"That theſe conditions being granted and performed, the petitioners on their part ſolemnly promiſe and vow perpetual fealty and allegiance to their ſovereigns, the Sybills, as in the convention itſelf is more fully ſet forth; and that they will faithfully, and ſo long as they ſhall live, make a ſacrifice and oblation of one human ſoul, every year to be offered up on the day and hour of the day, in which this convention ſhall be ratified and confirmed by the Sybilline powers; Provided always, That the ſaid high and mighty powers ſhall fully and *bona fide* perform what is therein ſtipulated and agreed to on their parts in the premiſes."

This document is faithfully tranſlated from Father Delrius's Latin treatiſe *Diſquiſitionum Magicarum, Lib.* 2. *Queſt.* 4: He ſays that it was publicly burned at Paris together with the books of magic it refers to, and he quotes the authority

authority of *Creſpetus de odio Satanæ Diſcurſu* 15. for a more particular account; but as Creſpetus's book is not in my reach I can trace the ſtory no further.

In both theſe caſes, whether the parties contract *viva voce*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the ſame and conſiſt, as we are told, in an expreſs renunciation of the Chriſtian creed; the baptiſmal rites are reverſed, and the devil, or his repreſentative, ſcratches out the croſs from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptizes his vaſſal by a name of his own deviſing; theſe are indiſpenſable conditions: The devil alſo exacts ſome rag or remnant of his vaſſal's garment, as a badge of allegiance, and compels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground, (which being a figure without beginning or end is a ſymbol of divinity) in this circle the figure of a croſs is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with diſdain; he then requeſts the devil to ſtrike his name out of the book of life, and inſcribe it in the book of death; he next promiſes to make monthly or quarterly ſacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by ſucking out the breath of a new-born male infant; he proceeds to put ſome ſecret mark upon himſelf with the point of a needle, as the ſign of the

Beaſt

Beaſt or Antichriſt, in which mark there is great potency, and in ſome caſes, according to Irenæus, it appears that the devil inſiſts upon cauterizing his diſciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others, according to Tertullian, in the forehead; this being done the magician elect vows eternal enmity againſt the Euchariſt, the Bleſſed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relics and Images, and forſwears confeſſion for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On theſe conditions the devil ſeldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries, and oftentimes appears in great beauty and with a very winning addreſs, as he did to Theodore Maillot, deputy governor of Lorraine, viſiting him in the ſhape of a very pretty girl, *(lepidâ et liberali formâ puella)* and promiſing him a certain great lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was diſtractedly in love; the conditions ſtipulated by the devil on this viſit were of a piece with the lovely form he aſſumed, for they conſiſted in injunctions only to perform all the Chriſtian and moral duties, to obſerve his meagre days, to ſay his maſſes, and be regular in his confeſſions: Theſe unexpected ſtipulations threw Maillot into ſo deep a melancholy, that his domeſtic

meſtic chaplain, obſerving it, extorted from him a confeſſion of all that had paſſed, and piouſly diſſuaded him from any further interviews of that ſort: Remigius, who relates the ſtory in his Dæmonolatria, gravely obſerves the judgment of heaven ſoon overtook him in a very extraordinary manner, for his horſe fell down upon ſmooth ground, and Maillot broke his neck by the fall.

As to the magic powers, which the devil imparts in return for theſe conceſſions of his votaries, theologicians have different opinions, ſome giving more and ſome leſs credit to the miracle; but the general opinion amongſt them is that they are performed by the devil and his dæmons by the celerity of art and motion with which one thing is ſubſtituted for another, but that there is no new creation in the caſe. They do not doubt but that there are certain figures, names and characters, which have a magical power, as the nine cauldrons, the names of the four principal hinges of the world, the three-times-ſeven characters of Mahometan device and many others; that there are rings and ſeals, which are amulets and charms, inſcribed with the names of Raphael, Salomon, Zachariah, Elizeus, Conſtantine, The Maccabees and others; that certain ſigns in the Zodiac engraved upon gems

gems have good or evil properties, for inſtance, Aries, Leo and Sagittarius make a man beloved; Virgo, Taurus and Capricornus make him religious; Gemini, Libra and Aquarius produce friendſhip; whilſt Cancer, Scorpio and Piſces create falſehood: The character of Saturn gives ſtrength; Jupiter good fortune; Mars victory; Sol riches; Venus prevents drowning, and Luna has the ſame virtue with Venus: The figure of an aſs, engraved on a chryſolite, imparts the gift of prophecy; that of a dragon gives riches, and that of a frog gives friendſhip: It was the prevailing opinion in Flanders that a man born on Eaſter-eve had the gift of curing fevers; ſo had the ſeventh ſon, where no daughter interpoſed; whereas the gift, which the kings of England had of touching for the evil, expired upon the hereſy of Henry the eighth, though William Tooker wrote books to prove that Queen Elizabeth, then on the throne, inherited this virtue with the crown; this doctrine of Tooker is ſtrenuouſly controverted by Delrius the Jeſuit of Salamanca, and his argument is very logical and deciſive: *Miracula propria ſunt eccleſiæ Catholicæ; ſed Elizabetha eſt extra eccleſiam Catholicam, et nulli dantur qui ſit extra eccleſiam Catholicam; ergo Elizabethæ non dantur miracula.* Q. E. D. Again, *Non poſſunt miracula fieri*

fieri ad confirmationem falſæ fidei; ſed fides, quam profitetur Elizabetha, eſt falſa fides; ergo ad confirmationem fidei, quam profitetur Elizabetha, non poſſunt fieri miracula—And who now ſhall *defend* our *defenders* of the faith?

It is acknowledged that ſorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, deſtroy the fruits of the earth and make a bad harveſt, which Remigius aſſures us is done by ſprinkling certain duſt in the air, which the dæmon makes up and ſupplies them with for the purpoſe.—

Carmine læſa Ceres ſterilem veneſcit in herbam;
Deficiunt læſi carmine fontis aquæ;
Ilicibus glandes, cantataq; vitibus uva
Decidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.

OVID.

"Witches can blight our corn by magic ſpell,
"And with enchantments dry the ſpringing well,
"Make grapes and acorns fall at their command,
"And ſtrip our orchards bare without a hand."

Remigius ſays the dæmons do not only make up this powder or duſt for the witches, but are particularly indulgent to them in the article of ground-mice, with which they devour all the roots of the graſs and grain; that the gad-fly is always within call, and that they have plenty of wolves at command to ſend into any fold or flock they think proper to deſtroy. The learned

author doubts if the devil actually makes these wolves *de novo*, but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country; if this sport does not succeed to his wish, he thinks it probable the dæmons themselves execute the mischief in the shapes of wolves—*(verisimile videtur dæmones esse, qui specie lupinâ talem pauperiem faciunt)*—He tells us that he has brought many witches to confess these things, and though he acknowledges the power of their spells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a sumptuous feast, which the devil furnishes, still he gives a bad account of his cookery, for that divine providence seldom permits the meat to be good, but that it has generally some bad taste or smell, mostly wants salt, and the feast is often without bread.

Though heretics have obstinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female dæmons called Succubæ; and of witches with the males, or Incubi, yet the whole authority of the Catholic church with the bull of Pope Innocent VIII. expressly affirms it for a fact—*(Communis tamen hæc est sententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philosophorum doctorum—et pro eâdem pugnat bulla Innocentii* VIII. *Pontificis contra maleficos)*.—It is also an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce, and

there is little doubt but that Luther was the ſon of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain ſpells is confirmed by a hoſt of witneſſes, and the operation is generally performed by ſmearing the body with a certain ointment, prepared by the dæmons; this ointment ſeveral people have innocently made uſe of, particularly huſbands of ladies uſing witchcraft, and have found themſelves wafted up chimnies and through windows at a furious rate and tranſported ſometimes an hundred miles from their own homes: Many curious inſtances might be enumerated, but having related ſo many I forbear to treſpaſs on my reader's patience any longer.

I ſhould be loth to have it ſuppoſed that I have ſelected theſe anecdotes and quotations for the purpoſe merely of caſting a ridicule on the ſuperſtition of the Catholic church; I can truly declare I did not take up the ſubject with any ſuch deſign, and hold the principle of religious animoſity in as much abhorrence as any man living. When I have ſaid this in my own defence, I think it neceſſary to add, that all the accounts I have turned over, which are pretty voluminous, are replete with the ſame or greater abſurdities, than theſe I have produced; all the reaſoning is nothing but a maſs of ignorance,

refined upon by subtlety, inspired by superstition, and edged with acrimony against schismatics and heretics, upon whom this terrible engine of sorcery has been turned with a spirit of persecution, that does no credit to the parties who employed it.

The fact is that the Christian church in the early ages soon discovered two important matters of faith in the sacred writings, which might be made useful weapons in her possession; I mean miracles and sorceries; the one she reserved to herself, the other she bestowed upon her enemies; and though there is every reason to conclude that both had ceased in the world, she found her own interest was concerned in prolonging their existence: The ages that succeeded to the introduction of Christianity were soon cast into the profoundest ignorance by the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and credulity naturally follows ignorance: the terrors of magic in those dark times readily took hold of superstitious minds; every thing that the dawnings of science struck out in that night of reason, every thing that reviving art invented, even the little juggling tricks and deceptions, that slight of hand performed to set the crowd agape and support a vagrant life in idleness, were charged to sorcery, and tortures were employed to force out confessions

feſſions of ſecret dealings and compacts with the devil and his agents. Thoſe confeſſions were undoubtedly made, and as full and circumſtantial as the inquiſitor choſe to preſcribe, and being publiſhed with the authority of office had their influence with mankind and were believed; nay, it is but fair to ſuppoſe that the fathers and doctors of the church themſelves believed them, and were ſincere in their endeavours to extirpate ſorcery, thinking that they did God ſervice.

When we read of people being thrown alive into the flames for playing a few juggling tricks, which now would not paſs upon the vulgar at a country fair, and the devil himſelf brought in to father the performance, it is ſhocking to humanity and a violence to reaſon; but we ſhall cruelly err againſt both by aſcribing all theſe acts to perſecution, when ignorance and credulity are entitled to ſo great a ſhare of them: The churchmen of thoſe ages were not exempt from the errors and darkneſs of the time they lived in, and very many of them not only believed the ſorceries of the heretics, but ſwallowed the miracles of the ſaints: The genius of the Catholic religion in this illuminated and liberal period is of a different complexion from what the nature of my ſubject has obliged me to diſplay; of the enlarged and truly Chriſtian principles, which now

prevail amongſt the profeſſors of that ſyſtem of faith, the world abounds with examples, and I am perſuaded, that if the tribunal of the Inquiſition was put aſide, (a tribunal ſo directly adverſe to the religion of Chriſt) the hateful tenet of intolerancy would ſoon be done away, and a ſpirit of meekneſs and mercy, more conſentaneous to the principles of the preſent Catholics, would univerſally prevail.

N° XXXV.

BY reviſing what hiſtory has delivered of the firſt poets of Greece we ſhall be able to form a very tolerable conjecture of the authors, whoſe works Piſiſtratus collected at the time he inſtituted his library in Athens; but before I undertake this, it is proper to remark that ſome authorities, ancient as well as modern, have aſcribed the honour of compiling Homer's rhapſodies to Hipparchus the ſon of Piſiſtratus, and not to Piſiſtratus himſelf: I am not willing therefore to paſs over the queſtion without ſome explanation of it.

The ancient authorities I allude to are thoſe of Plato in his Hipparchus, and Ælian in the ſecond

ſecond article of his eighth book: The firſt is a naked aſſertion; the ſecond ſets forth more circumſtantially—*That Hipparchus the ſon of Piſiſtratus was the firſt, who brought Homer's poems to Athens and made the rhapſodiſts rehearſe them in the general aſſembly of the Grecian ſtates*—But this author, who is generally a faithful though a minute collector of anecdotes, expreſsly contradicts himſelf in the fourteenth article of the thirteenth book, and tells us that Piſiſtratus compiled the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer: Cicero in the quotation from his Orator mentioned in a preceding paper gives the credit of the work to Piſiſtratus; Suidas under the article of Homer ſays—*That various perſons were at the pains of collecting and arranging theſe books in ſucceeding times, but of theſe Piſiſtratus of Athens was the firſt.*—Euſtathius in his commentary on the Iliad concurs in the ſame teſtimony; he ſays—*That the grammarians who compiled the Iliad, did it, as it is ſaid, by command of Piſiſtratus; that they corrected it at diſcretion, and that the principal of theſe was Ariſtarchus, and next to him Zenodotus. (Comm. ad Iliad, lib. 1.)* In this latter particular the learned commentator has fallen into an error; for it is well known that the celebrated critic Ariſtarchus, as well as Zenodotus, lived many years after the time of Piſiſtratus: I ſhall

mention only one authority more on the ſame ſide of the queſtion, which I take to be more deciſive than any of the foregoing, and this is an ancient epigrammatiſt, who in a diſtich upon a ſtatue of Piſiſtratus celebrates him on this very account, and gives a very probable conjecture, that this ſtatue was erected in commemoration of the great work of the above-mentioned compilation. (*Anthol. lib.* iv. *cap.* iv.)

From theſe authorities, as well as from ſtrength of circumſtance, it ſeems highly probable that the founder of the firſt public library ſhould be ſtudious to enrich his collection with the poems of the Iliad and Odyſſey.

This important work was both extremely difficult to execute, and attended with very conſiderable expence in the progreſs of it. The rhapſodies of Homer were ſcattered up and down amongſt the cities of Greece, which the itinerant poet had viſited, and were neceſſarily in a very mutilated ſtate or recorded in men's memories after an imperfect manner and by piecemeal only: In ſome places theſe ineſtimable reliques had been conſumed by fire; and in the lapſe of time it is natural to ſuppoſe they had ſuffered many injuries by accident, and not a few by interpolation. Solon himſelf is accuſed of having made inſertions in favour of the Athenians

ans for political purpoſes. Nothing but the moſt timely exertions could have reſcued them from oblivion, and Piſiſtratus by reſtoring Homer has juſtly made his own name the companion of the poet's in immortality: To his ardour we are indebted for their preſent exiſtence. Underſtanding that there were rhapſodiſts, who went about the ſeveral Grecian ſtates reciting, ſome an hundred, ſome a thouſand lines in detached paſſages of the Iliad and Odyſſey, he cauſed public proclamation to be made of his deſign to collect thoſe famous poems, offering a reward to every man, who ſhould bring him any fragment to aſſiſt his intended compilation, and appointing proper perſons to receive their reſpective contributions. The reſort on this occaſion ſoon became prodigious; Piſiſtratus however, ſtill intent upon the work, adhered to his conditions, and let no man go away without his reward, though the ſame paſſages had been furniſhed ever ſo often by others before him: The inſpectors of the work by theſe means had an opportunity of collating one with the other, and rejecting what appeared ſpurious upon collation: This was an office of great delicacy, and the ableſt men of the time were ſelected for that purpoſe, with liberal allowances for their trouble; they were many in number, and when each had made his ſeparate

collection, and the rhapsodists ceased to come in, Pisistratus caused them all to assemble and produce their several copies for general review: The whole was now arranged according to the natural order of the poems, and in that order submitted to the final supervision of two persons, who were judged most competent: The poem, thus compiled and corrected according to their judgment and discretion, was fairly transcribed and the copy with great solemnity deposited in the library: Had the like care been extended to the *Margites* and the rest of Homer's poems, the world would probably have now been in possession of them also; and it is fair to conclude from the circumstance of their extinction, that both the Iliad and Odyssey would have shared the same fate, had not this event so happily taken place under the patronage of Pisistratus. Let us mark this æra therefore as the most important in the annals of literature, and let every man, who admires the genius of Homer, revere the memory of Pisistratus.

Lycurgus we know brought Homer's poems out of Asia, and dispersed them amongst his countrymen at Lacedæmon; but Lycurgus considered these poems as a collection of maxims moral and political; he knew the influence, which poetry has over rude uncivilized tempers, and

and the ſame reaſons, that engaged him to employ the ſongs of Thales the Cretan in his firſt preludes towards a conſtitution of government, led him to adopt and import the epic poems of the Iliad and Odyſſey: He ſaw they were of a ſublime and animating caſt, inſpiring principles of religion, love of our country, contempt of death and every heroic virtue, that can dignify man's nature; that they manifeſted to Greece what misfortunes attended the diſunion of her powers, and what thoſe powers were capable of performing, when united; he wiſhed to ſee an indiſſoluble alliance and compact of all the ſtates of Greece for their common glory and defence, but he wiſhed to ſee the ſtate of Sparta, like the ſons of Atreus, at the head of the league: In all theſe particulars the poems of Homer fully met his wiſhes and fell in with his views, and as he had made his obſervations on the manners and characters of the Aſiatics during his travels amongſt them, he perſuaded himſelf the time might come, when the united arms of Greece would again prevail over the nations of the Eaſt, eſpecially when the natural bravery of the Greeks was ſtimulated by an heroic poem ſo flattering to their country and ſo encouraging to their hopes.

Piſiſtratus on the other hand was actuated by

no

no ſuch public principles; but, though he had not a patriotic, yet he had an elegant mind, and the ſame love of learning, which had dictated the thought of erecting a public repoſitory for ſuch works of genius as were worthy to be preſerved, inſpired him with the ambition of being the editor of Homer's ſcattered remains: This never once occurred to the Spartan legiſlator, who valued them not as poems, but as precepts, in which light they were no leſs beneficial in their ſeparated ſtate than when complete.

The Athenian tyrant contemplated them with the eye of a critic, and perceiving they would make the ſublimeſt and moſt perfect compilation the world had ever ſeen, he uſhered them into it with all the paſſion of an enthuſiaſt: As he evidently perceived they inculcated no doctrines inimical to monarchy, on the contrary that they recommended acquieſcence under rule and obedience to diſcipline, he obliged the rhapſodiſts to rehearſe them publicly in the ears of Greece at the great feſtival of the Panathenæa.

The publication of Homer's poems in this ſtate of perfection was the cauſe that produced ſuch a flow of compoſitions, eſpecially in the dramatic line; for, as I before obſerved, it operated to the diſcouragement of epic writing, and few inſtances of any poems under that deſcrip-

tion

tion occur after the compilation of the Iliad and Odyſſey: Men of genius are not eaſily diſpoſed to imitate what they deſpair of equalling, and the contemplation of a perfect work in any branch of compoſition will of courſe deter other adventurers from inferior attempts.

The drama was now in its dawn and had made ſome advances before the compilation of the Iliad and Odyſſey, but it received ſuch improvement from thoſe poems, that it is generally aſſerted, and by Ariſtotle amongſt others, to have derived its origin from Homer; in the further progreſs of theſe papers I ſhall fully examine how that queſtion ſtands, for the preſent it will be my purpoſe to take a review of the ſtate of literature in Greece at this remarkable period, when Piſiſtratus founded his library in Athens; a diſquiſition, which, although it will carry us into times of very remote antiquity and of doubtful hiſtory, will I hope prove not devoid of entertainment even to ſuch of my readers, as have not habituated themſelves to ſtudies of this nature.

It is for the ſake of ſuch, and in juſtice to the opinion I would wiſh to impreſs of the amiable character of Piſiſtratus, that I ſubjoin to this paper ſome explanation of the term *Tyrant*, by which in conformity to hiſtory I have been obliged

obliged to denominate him: The word according to our conſtruction of it conveys the moſt odious idea, but when it was applied to Piſiſtratus it was a title of royalty and not a term of reproach: In the age of Homer, Heſiod and the Greek poets of that date the word was not in uſe; they uſed no term but *Baſileus*, which they applied even to the crueleſt of deſpots, as the learned reader may be convinced of, if he will conſult the Odyſſey, (*Rhap. E.* 84.) This is a point of criticiſm ſo well agreed upon by all philologiſts, that the Hymn to Mars, which ſome have attributed to Homer, is by internal evidence now fully convicted of being poſterior to him, becauſe the term *Tyrannus* is found in it. The word is ſaid to be derived from the Tyrrhenians and to have come into uſe about the age of Archilochus, who flouriſhed in the eighteenth Olympiad, many years ſubſequent to Homer and prior to Piſiſtratus, at which time, (viz. the age of Archilochus) Gyges, Tyrant of Lydia, was the firſt ſo intitled: For this we have the authority of Euphorion, a writer born in the cxxvi Olympiad, and librarian to Antiochus the Great, king of Syria; alſo of Clemens the hiſtorian, (*Strom.* 1.)

N° XXXVI.

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I NOW propoſe to review the ſtate of literature in Greece antecedent to the time when Piſiſtratus founded his library in Athens.

Letters, or the alphabet, were probably imported into Greece from Phœnicia: This is aſcribed to the poet *Linus*; this poet, according to the fabulous taſte of the times, was of divine origin, being reputed the ſon of Apollo by Terpſichore, according to other accounts of either Mercury, or Amphimarus, by Urania: If in a pedigree ſo doubtful we may chuſe for ourſelves, Mercury, as inventor of the lyre, ſeems to have a preferable claim to Amphimarus or Apollo, for Linus is ſaid to have been the father of lyric poetry; he is alſo recorded as the inſtructor of Hercules in letters, but if the elder Orpheus was alſo his diſciple, he muſt have been of too early an age to have been contemporary with Hercules, for Orpheus is placed eleven ages before the ſiege of Troy. Hercules may have been inſtructed by the Theban Linus, who was conſiderably junior to this of Chalcedon; Linus of Thebes was the ſon of the poet Eumolpus, and imparted to Greece the knowledge of the globes; he alſo before the time of Heſiod compoſed

compoſed a poem, in which he gives the genealogy of the deities; all we know reſpecting it is that it differs in ſome particulars from Heſiod's Theogony: He paid dearly for the honour of being Hercules's preceptor, for that deified hero put Linus to death; though he gave the genealogy of the heathen gods, he is ſuppoſed to have taught a ſublimer doctrine of the Unity of the Supreme Being.

Of the name of *Orpheus* grammarians reckon no fewer than five epic poets; their hiſtories are involved in fable, and their diſtinctions uncertain and obſcure. The Thracian Orpheus, who is the elder of the name, is ſaid to have been the diſciple of Linus and to have lived before the Trojan war eleven ages: He was a prophet as well as a poet, and inſtituted many ceremonies in the Pagan theology; he delivered precepts in verſe relative to the modes of initiation: The myſterious rites of Ceres and Bacchus are ſuppoſed to have originated with him, but as it is pretty clear that theſe rites were Egyptian, they might be introduced, but not invented, by Orpheus.

The ſecond Orpheus was ſirnamed Ciconæus or Arcas, and was alſo of Thracian extraction; he is ſaid to have flouriſhed two generations before the ſiege of Troy; he alſo was an heroic

poet

poet and wrote fables and hymns addreſſed to the deities. Orpheus Odryſius and Orpheus Camarinæus were epic poets, but he, who was ſirnamed Crotoniates, was contemporary with Piſiſtratus and lived in great favour and familiarity at the Athenian court; he is ſaid to have written the Argonautics, the hymns and the poems *de Lapidibus* now in our hands.

The antients, in the true ſpirit of fable, aſcribed miraculous powers to the harmony of Orpheus's lyre, and almoſt all the Roman poets have echoed his praiſes in the ſame fanciful ſtrain. Ovid gives us a liſt of foreſt trees that danced to his lyre, as long as a gardener's calendar: (*Metam. fab.* 2. *lib.* 10.) Seneca in his *Hercules Furens* gives him power over woods, rivers, rocks, wild beaſts and infernal ſpirits, (*Herc. Fur.* 569.) Horace adds to theſe the winds, and Manilius places his lyre amongſt the conſtellations, having enumerated all its ſupernatural properties in the following ſhort but comprehenſive and nervous deſcription,

At lyra diductis per cœlum cornibus inter
Sidera conſpicitur, quâ quondam ceperat Orpheus
Omne quod attigerat cantu; Maneſq; per ipſos
Fecit iter, domuitq; infernas carmine leges.
Huic ſimilis honos, ſimiliſq; potentia cauſæ:

Tunc ſilvas et ſaxa trahens, nunc ſidera ducit,
Et rapit immenſum mundi revolubilis orbem.
MANIL.

Of the name of *Muſæus* there were alſo ſeveral poets; the elder, or Athenian Muſæus, ſon of Antiphemus, was the ſcholar of Orpheus. The poetry of theſe antient bards was chiefly addreſſed to the ſervices of religion; their hymns were chaunted as parts of divine worſhip, and the power of divination was aſcribed to them, as the natural tribute of a barbarous multitude to men of ſuperior and enlightened talents: The knowledge of ſimples and their uſe in healing diſeaſes or wounds was amongſt the arts, by which theſe early benefactors to mankind attracted the reverence of the vulgar, and Muſæus is ſaid to have compoſed a poem on the cure of diſeaſes: This Muſæus was the father of Eumolpus, and it will be found by them, who have curioſity to ſearch into the records of theſe antient bards, that the great prerogatives of prophet and poet deſcended regularly through certain families after the manner of the Eaſtern and Jewiſh caſts. *Eumolpus*, who was of this family, beſides the hymns and verſes he compoſed upon the myſteries of Ceres and Bacchus, poſſeſſed the art of divination by inſpection of the human palm; an art of Egyptian origin.

Thamyris,

Thamyris, the ſon of Philammon, is reckoned amongſt the epic poets, who flouriſhed before the time of Homer: He compoſed a long poem, conſiſting of nearly three thouſand lines, intitled The Theology; but as this could not be denominated an epic poem, and as no record remains of any compoſition of his in that branch of poetry, it is a great doubt whether it is not owing to the fictions of the early grammarians, who were induſtrious to detract from the originality of Homer's epic, that Thamyris and ſo many others are enumerated under that deſcription of poets antecedent to Homer; for ſome accounts make Thamyris the eighth epic poet prior to Homer, an authority to which no credit ſeems due.

Marſyas and *Olympus* are ſuppoſed to have lived in the time of the Argonautic expedition, but they, as well as *Amphion*, are more celebrated for their muſical talents and inventions, than for their ſkill in poetry: Of *Demodocus*, *Phemius* and *Aſbolus* the Centaur, ſuppoſed to have been poets antecedent to Homer, I find no particulars.

The exact time, in which *Heſiod* lived, as referring to the age of Homer, remains a point of controverſy in the chronology of the poets: They, who give credit to the verſes he is by

ſome ſuppoſed to have written in competition with Homer, muſt place him as his contemporary; the beſt authorities fix him in a period ſomewhat antecedent to Homer's; Aulus Gellius inclines to the opinion of Heſiod being poſterior to Homer, but Ariſtophanes in his comedy of The Frogs places Homer in order of time after Heſiod: He introduces the poet Æſchylus reciting the praiſes of Orpheus in the firſt place, ſecondly of Muſæus, thirdly of Heſiod, and laſtly of Homer, which order of placing them the old ſcholiaſt interprets to apply to the times, in which they lived; the paſſage is as follows:

" The holy rites of worſhip Orpheus taught,
" And warned me to abſtain from human blood:
" In divination and the healing arts
" Muſæus was my maſter: Heſiod gave
" The uſeful leſſon how to till the earth,
" And mark'd the ſeaſons when to ſow the grain,
" And when to reap; but Homer, bard divine!
" Gods, to what heighth he ſoars, whilſt he arrays
" The warrior bright in arms, directs the fight,
" And with heroic virtue fires the ſoul!"

(ARISTOPH. FROGS.)

The bards of the Orphean family and others of high antiquity employed their talents in compoſing hymns and offices of devotion; and it is natural that ſuch ſhould be the firſt uſe and application

plication of the powers of poetry; the reaſon is good on both ſides why there ſhould in all times have ſubſiſted an alliance between poetry and prayer. Metre aids and is adapted to the memory; it accords to muſic and is the vehicle of enthuſiaſm; it makes the moral doctrines of religion more ſublime, and the myſterious ones more profound; it can render truth more awful and ſuperſtition more impoſing: If the eaſtern nations have ſet apart a language for their prieſts and dedicated it as ſacred to the purpoſes of prayer, we may well believe that the antient heathen bards, who were chiefly Aſiatic Greeks, performed religious rites and ceremonies in metre, with accompaniments of muſic, to which they were devoted in the extreme: The hymns of David and the patriarchal prophecies were in metre, and ſpeak for themſelves; we have the ſame authority for knowing that the Chaldean worſhip was accompanied with muſic; the fact does not need illuſtration; the divinations of Muſæus and the hymns of Orpheus were of the ſame character; initiations were performed, oracles were delivered and even laws promulgated in verſe: The influence of poetry over the human heart is coeval with it, not limited by time or country, but univerſal to the world in all its parts and all its periods; it is the language of

rapture, ſprings with invention and flows with devotion; the enthuſiaſt in love or glory breaks forth into it ſpontaneouſly, and the voice of lamentation, attuned by ſenſibility, falls naturally into numbers.

When I am ſpeaking of the Oracular Poets, or Diviners, it is not poſſible to paſs over the *Sybills*, the moſt extraordinary in this order of bards; their oracles have been agitated by the learned in all ages, and received with the utmoſt veneration and reſpect by the Greeks firſt, and afterwards by the Romans: Heathen writers and ſome of the firſt and moſt reſpectable fathers of the Chriſtian Church refer to them without heſitation, and the fact of their exiſtence reſts upon ſuch ſtrength of teſtimony, as ſeems to amount to hiſtorical demonſtration and univerſal aſſent. It appears that the Delphic and Erythrean Sybills, who were the oldeſt of the name, lived before the Trojan war: The verſes of the Erythrean Sybill, foretelling the coming of Chriſt, are ſeriouſly referred to by Euſebius and St. Auſtin; they are thirty-three in number, and now in our hands. She, who was ſuppoſed to have offered the nine volumes of oracles to Tarquinius Priſcus at Rome, was the Cumæan; the Chaldæan, Perſic or Hebrew Sybill propheſied of Alexander of Macedon; the Helleſpontic was coeval with

with Solon; the Samian and others lived in later periods.

Of the Capitoline Oracles there is ample room to doubt; ſuch a political engine in the hands of the prieſts and to a certain degree under the direction of the Patrician order, offered opportunities for abuſe too tempting to be withſtood in a conſtitution ſo ſubject to popular commotions; it is true they were ſparingly applied to, and never brought out but in preſſing exigencies, yet thoſe exigencies and the blind idolatry of the people encouraged the abuſe by its practicability as well as by its expedience. There is a paſſage in Cicero's private letters, which makes confeſſion to this very point. The original oracles were deſtroyed by fire together with the Capitol itſelf, in which they were depoſited; the ſubſtitutes, which were collected in Greece and many other parts of the world to replace them, were finally burned by Stilicho in the reign of the emperor Honorius.

The lines, which have come down to us under the character of Sybilline Oracles, muſt be cautiouſly admitted; their authenticity is dubious in moſt parts, evidently fictitious in many, but ſome paſſages have by great authorities been conſidered as genuine: The great critic Bentley, ſpeaking of them generally in his diſſertations

on Phalaris, calls the Sybilline Oracles now extant *clumsy cheats:* The learned professor Whiston has investigated them with much industry and some address; he separates certain parts, which he believes to be genuine, and his argument merits serious consideration: I am aware that this author must be heard with reserve in matters of prediction, forasmuch as he lived long enough to see two completions of his own Milennium: He traces the interpolated passages however with considerable sagacity and imputes them with good appearance of reason to the heretical sectaries of the fourth century; those, which he adopts as genuine, he translates into literal prose, and they are curious records. External testimonies make strongly in favour of these passages, and it is remarkable that the sagacity of critics have urged no internal characters in evidence against them. The elder Sybill has predictions of Homer and the Trojan war; their stile much resembles that of Homer himself, and antient writers do not scruple to say that Homer borrowed several of these Sybilline lines and inserted them in his poem, as the Sybill herself foretells he would do in the following words, viz.—*Then an old lying writer shall appear in that time again, counterfeiting his country, being also dim-sighted: He shall have much wit and eloquence, and shall compose*

poſe a wiſe poem, made up of two parts, and he ſhall ſay he was born at Chios; and he ſhall uſe the ſame verſe: He ſhall be the firſt that ſhall much adorn the commanders in the war by his praiſes, Priamus's ſon Hector and Achilles the ſon of Peleus and all others who are famous in war, and he ſhall make the Gods to aſſiſt them, writing falſely in every thing. (*Sib. Or. lib.* viii. *v.* 357 *ad* 368.)

This is amongſt the paſſages which Mr. Whiſton thinks genuine; it is curious at leaſt, and the reader muſt ſubſcribe as much or little of his belief to it, as he thinks it deſerves; but of the actual exiſtence of theſe antient propheteſſes he will find ſufficient teſtimony, and if he chuſes to cloſe with the tranſlator in his deductions, he will conclude that—*Whilſt God ſent his Jewiſh prophets to the nation of the Jews from Moſes to Malachi, he ſeems alſo to have ſent all along theſe Gentile propheteſſes to the Gentiles, for their guidance and direction and caution in religious matters.*

I ſhall obſerve in general, that theſe Sybilline oracles are illuminated and ſupported by the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, which by the beſt opinions is decided not to allude to Heſiod's poems, as ſome have interpreted it. The Sybil chaunted her oracles, ſtanding on a ſtone, in a wild manner and with the voice of one that was frantic:

frantic: These oracles declare the desolation of empires, and the various convulsions of nature by earthquakes, inundations and volcanoes: Some revolutions are distinctly pointed out, other things are shadowed distantly and in obscurity; but what is most extraordinary upon the whole is, that certain events in times, that must have been posterior to the composition of these verses, even admitting them to be spurious, seem to fulfil these predictions in a very singular manner. The following passage, relative to the conflagration, resurrection and renovation of all things is selected from the fourth book of oracles, which Mr. Whiston judges to be genuine; I give the translation in his words, viz. *If you will not be persuaded by me, O men of an evil heart! but love unrighteousness and receive these advices with a perverse mind, a fire shall come into the world, and these signs shall appear in it, swords and the sound of a trumpet, when the sun rises, and all the world shall hear a bellowing and vehement noise, and the earth shall burn; and after the fire hath destroyed all mankind, and all cities and rivers and seas shall be soot and ashes, and God shall extinguish this immense fire, which he had kindled, out of those bones and ashes God shall again form men; and when he hath made them as they were before, then shall the judgment be; in which God shall act justly,*

judging

judging the world again; and these men, who have lived wickedly, the earth shall cover them; but they who are righteous shall live again on the earth, God giving the pious spirit and life and sufficient provisions; and then all men shall see themselves. Most happy is that man! who shall be in being at that time.

In conclusion I think it a fair remark to be made upon these famous Sybilline verses, that the evidence there is of interpolations in several parts of them makes strongly for the presumption, that there did really exist certain antient and genuine verses, uttered by true or pretended prophetesses, called Sybills, whereupon these several forgeries were grounded: The assent of the learned, both Heathen and Christian, corroborates this opinion; but whether the copy now in our hand does or does not contain any genuine lines of these Sybills, is a question I will not now take on myself to discuss; all that need be said on this point at present is, that there are some passages, whose antiquity is established by the references and quotations of the old Heathen writers, and against which no objections can be drawn from the internal characters and marks of the text.

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THE first effusions of poetry having been addressed to prayer and worship, to the mysteries and genealogies of the deities, to religious rites, sacrifices and initiations, and to the awful promulgation of oracles by enthusiastic Sybills, chaunting forth to the astonished multitude their tremendous denunciations, the time was now in approach, when that portion of divine inspiration, which seems to be the moving spring of poetry, should branch into a new department.

When the human genius was more matured and better qualified by judgment and experience, and the thoughts, instead of being hurried along by the furious impulse of a heated fancy, began to take into sober contemplation the worldly actions of men, and the revolutions and changes of human events, operating upon society, the poet began to prepare himself by forethought and arrangement of ideas for the future purposes of composition: It became his first business to contrive a plan and ground-work for the structure of his poem; he saw that it must have uniformity, simplicity and order, a beginning, a middle and an end; that the main object must be

be intereſting and important, that the incidents and acceſſary parts muſt hinge upon that object, and not wander from the central idea, on which the whole ought to reſt; that a ſubject correſponding thereto, when elevated by language, ſuperior to the phraſe and dialogue of the vulgar, would conſtitute a work more orderly and better conſtructed, than what aroſe from the ſudden and abrupt effuſions of unpremeditated verſe.

In this manner *Homer*, the great poet of antiquity, and the father and founder, as I muſt think, of epic poetry, revolving in his capacious mind the magnificent events of the Grecian aſſociation for the deſtruction of Troy, then freſh in the tradition, if not in the memories of his contemporaries, planned the great deſign of his immortal Iliad. With this plan arranged and ſettled in his thoughts beforehand, he began to give a looſe to the force and powers of his imagination in ſtrains and rhapſodies, which by frequent recitation fixed upon his memory, and, as he warmed with the advancing compoſition, he ſallied forth in ſearch of hearers, chaunting his verſes in the aſſemblies and cities, that received him; his fancy working out thoſe wonderful examples of the ſublime, as he took his ſolitary migrations from place to place: When he made his paſſages by ſea, and committed himſelf

himself to the terrors of the ocean, the grandest scenes in nature came under his view, and his plastic fancy, seizing every object that accorded to its purposes, melted and compounded it into the mass and matter of the work, on which his brain was labouring: Thus with nature in his eye, inspiration at his heart and contemplation ever active, secured by solitude against external interruption, and undisturbed by worldly cares and concerns from within, the wandering bard performed what time has never equalled and what to all posterity will remain the standard of perfection.—*Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate, superaverit: Idem latus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poeticâ modo sed oratoriâ virtute eminentissimus.* (*Quint. lib.* x.) "Him no one "ever excelled in sublimity on great topics, in "propriety on small ones; whether diffused or "compressed, gay or grave, whether for his "abundance or his brevity, he is equally to be "admired, nor is he supereminent for poetical "talents only but for oratorical also."

There is no doubt but Homer composed other poems besides his Iliad and Odyssey: Aristotle in his Poetics decidedly ascribes The Margites to Homer; but as to the Ilias Minor and the Cypriacs, though it is evident these poems were

in

in his hands, yet he ſeems ignorant of their author; the paſſage I allude to will be found in the twenty-third chapter of his Poetics; he is comparing theſe two poems with the Iliad and Odyſſey, as furniſhing ſubjects for the drama, and obſerves that the ſtage could not properly draw above one or at moſt two plots for tragedy from the Iliad and Odyſſey reſpectively, whereas many might be taken from the Cypriacs, and he enumerates to the amount of ten, which might be found in the Ilias Minor: It is evident by the context, that he does not think either of theſe poems were compoſed by Homer, and no leſs evident that he does not know to whom they are to be aſcribed; their high antiquity therefore is the only point, which this celebrated critic has put out of doubt.

The Ilias Minor appears to have been a poem, which includes the taking of Troy and the return of the Greeks: The incidents of the Æneid, as far as they refer to the Trojan ſtory, ſeem to have been taken from this poem, and in particular the epiſode of Sinon, which is amongſt the dramatic ſubjects mentioned by Ariſtotle: The controverſy between Ajax and Ulyſſes for the armour of Achilles was copied by Ovid from the ſame poem. If this work is not to be given to Homer, we muſt believe it was written ſince

the Iliad, from the evidence of its title; but if the author's name was loſt in Ariſtotle's time, his antiquity is probably little ſhort of Homer's: Some ſcholiaſts have given this poem to Leſches, but when Leſches lived and of what country he was I find no account.

The Cypriacs are ſuppoſed to contain the love-adventures of the Trojan ladies during the ſiege, and probably was a poem of fiction. Herodotus has an obſervation in his ſecond book upon a paſſage in this poem, in which Paris is ſaid to have brought Helen from Sparta to Troy in the ſpace of three days, whereas Homer ſays they were long driven about on their voyage from place to place; from this want of correſpondence in a fact of ſuch conſequence, Herodotus concludes upon fair grounds of criticiſm, that Homer was not author of the Cypriacs, though Pindar aſcribes it to him: Some give the Cypriacs to Hegeſias of Salamis, others to Staſinus a poet of Cyprus, and by ſome Homer is ſaid to have given this poem, written by himſelf, by way of portion to his daughter married to Staſinus; this daughter of Homer was called Arſephone, and his ſons Theriphon and Theolaus: Nævius tranſlated the Cypriacs into Latin verſe: Many more poems are aſcribed to Homer, which would be tedious to particularize,

they

they are enumerated by Suidas, whom the reader, if his curiosity so inclines him, may readily consult.

As to any other information personally respecting this great poet, it has been given to the world so ably by the late Mr. Wood in his essay *on the original genius and writings of Homer*, that I can add nothing on the occasion, except the humble recommendation of my judgment in its favour. The internal evidence which this essayist adduces to fix the birth-place and early residence of his poet in Ionia, is both learnedly collected and satisfactorily applied: He observes that Homer in his general manner of describing the geography of countries, speaks of them as more or less distant in proportion to their bearing from Ionia; he describes Zephyrus as a rude and boisterous wind, blowing from Thrace; this circumstance had been urged against Homer as a proof of his error in geography, and the soft and gentle quality of Zephyrus, so often celebrated by poets in all times, is quoted in aid of the charge; but the sagacity and local knowledge of Mr. Wood divert the accusation, and turn it into an argument for ascertaining the spot of Homer's nativity and residence, by reminding us, that when the poet describes the wind blowing from the Thracian mountains upon the

Ægean ſea, it muſt of courſe be a Weſt wind in reſpect to Ionia, from which circumſtance he draws his conſequence that Homer was an Ionian. This argument muſt ſurely be ſatisfactory as to the place, in which the poem was written; and when we have located Homer in Ionia, whilſt he was employed in writing his poem, we have one point of doubt at leaſt cleared up in his hiſtory to our conviction, and his accuracy in one branch of knowledge vindicated from the cavils of critics.

Having eſtabliſhed this point, viz. that Homer was an Aſiatic Greek, inhabiting the ſea coaſt, or an iſland on the coaſt of Ionia, and having vindicated his accuracy in geographical knowledge, the ingenious author of the eſſay proceeds to ſhew, by way of corollary from his propoſition thus demonſtrated, that Homer muſt have been a great traveller; that geographical knowledge was in thoſe days no otherwiſe to be acquired; that he appears to have been thoroughly converſant in the arts of building and navigating ſhips, as then underſtood and practiſed; and that his map of Greece, which both Strabo, Apollodorus the Athenian, Menogenes and Demetrius of Scepſis illuſtrated in ſo diffuſive a manner, puts it out of doubt, that he muſt have viſited the ſeveral countries and ſurveyed them

with attention, before he could have laid them down with ſuch geographical accuracy: Certain it is, that ſo great was the authority of Homer's original chart, that it was a law in ſome cities that the youth ſhould learn it by heart; that Solon appealed to it for eſtabliſhing the right of Athens to Salamis in preference to the claims of the Megarenſians; and that territorial property and dominion were in ſeveral inſtances decided by referring to this Homeric chart: Another evidence of Homer's travels he derives from his lively delineations of national character, which he obſerves are marked with ſuch preciſion and ſupported throughout with ſuch conſiſtency, as not to allow us to think that he could have acquired this knowledge of mankind from any other ſource but his own obſervations.

It is more than probable Homer did not commit his poems to writing; it is mere conjecture whether that invention was actually in exiſtence at the time he lived; there is nothing in his works that favours this conjecture, and in ſuch a caſe ſilence is ſomething more than negative: The retention of ſuch compoſitions is certainly an aſtoniſhing effort of the human memory, but inſtances are not wanting of the like nature in early and uncivilized ſtates, and the memory is capable of being expanded by habit and exerciſe

to an extraordinary and almoſt unlimited compaſs. Unwritten compoſitions were always in verſe; and metre was certainly uſed in aid of memory. It muſt not however be taken for a conſequence, that writing firſt came into uſe when Pherecydes and Cadmus firſt compoſed in proſe, as ſome have imagined; for it undoubtedly obtained before their time, and was probably brought into Greece from Phœnicia.

The engraving of the laws of Draco is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt application of that art; but it was a work of labour, and required the tool of the artiſt, rather than the hand of the penman. Thales and Pythagoras left us no writings behind them, though they ſpread their learning over Greece and from their ſchools peopled it with philoſophers. The unwritten drama was long in exiſtence before any compoſitions of that ſort were committed to writing. Solon's laws were engraved in wood or ſtone, and there appears to have been but one table of them. Of Lycurgus's regulations there was no written record; the mind of the judge was the depoſitary of the law. Draco publiſhed his laws in Olymp. xxxix; Piſiſtratus died in Olymp. lxiii: A century had nearly paſſed between the publication of theſe laws and the firſt inſtitution of a public library at Athens; great advances

no

no doubt were made within that period in the art of writing; nevertheleſs it was by no means an operation of facility in Piſiſtratus's time, and his compilation of Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey was a work of vaſt labour and of royal expence: The book remained at Athens as a princely monument of his munificence and love of letters; his library was reſorted to by all men of ſcience in Greece, but copies of the work were not circulated till the time of the Ptolemies; even Alexander of Macedon, when he had poſſeſſed himſelf of a compleat copy of his favorite poet, locked it up in the rich cheſt, of which he had deſpoiled King Darius, as the moſt worthy caſe, in which he could incloſe ſo ineſtimable a treaſure: When a copy of Homer was conſidered by a prince as a poſſeſſion ſo rare, it cannot be ſuppoſed his written works were in many hands: As for the detached rhapſodies, which Lycurgus in more early times brought with him out of Aſia, they muſt have been exceeding imperfect, though it is to be preſumed they were in writing.

N° XXXVIII.

FROM the ſcarcity of tranſcribers in the time of Piſiſtratus, and the difficulties of collecting and compiling poems, which exiſted only in the memories of the rhapſodiſts, we are led to conſider the inſtitution of the Athenian Library, as a moſt noble and important work; at the ſame time, when we reflect how many compoſitions of the earlieſt poets depended on the fidelity of memory, we ceaſe to wonder that we have ſo many more records of names than of works. Many poets are enumerated antecedent to the time of Homer; ſome of theſe have been already mentioned, and very few indeed of their fragments are now in exiſtence.

Conjecture, and even fiction, have been enviouſly ſet to work by grammarians and others within the Chriſtian æra to found a charge of plagiariſm againſt Homer, and to diſpute his title to originality. We are told that Corinnus, who was a ſcholar of Palamedes, inventor of the Doric letters, compoſed a poem called the Iliad, whilſt Troy was ſtanding, in which he celebrates the war of Dardanus againſt the Paphlagonians, and that Homer formed himſelf upon his model, cloſely

cloſely copying him: It is aſſerted by others, that he availed himſelf of the poems of Dictys the Cretan, who was of the family of Idomeneus, and lived in the time of the Trojan war: But theſe fables are ſtill leſs probable than the ſtory of his conteſt with Heſiod, and of the prize being decreed againſt him; Orpheus, Muſæus, Eumolpus and Thamyris, all of Thrace; Marſyas, Olympus, and Midas, all of the Ionian ſide of the Meander, were poets antecedent to Homer; ſo were Amphion, Demodocus, Philammon, Phemius, Ariſtæus author of the Arimaſpia, Iſatides, Drymon, Aſbolus the Centaur, Eumiclus the Cyprian, Horus of Samos, Proſnautis of Athens, and the celebrated Sybill.

The five poets, who are generally ſtiled the maſters of epic poetry, are Homer, Antimachus the Colophonian, Panyaſis of Halicarnaſſus, Piſander of Camirus, and Heſiod of Cumæ: And all theſe were natives of the Aſiatic coaſt.

Before I ceaſe ſpeaking of Homer, I cannot excuſe myſelf from ſaying ſomething on the ſubject of Mr. Pope's tranſlation, which will for ever remain a monument of his excellence in the art of verſification: It was an arduous undertaking, and the tranſlator entered upon it with a candid confeſſion that he was—*utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer*: he alſo ſays—

That if Mr. Dryden had tranſlated the whole work, he would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation he knows in any language. This is a declaration, that reflects as much honour on Mr. Pope, as it does on Mr. Dryden; great as his difficulties were, he has nevertheleſs executed the work in ſuch a manner as to leave ſtronger reaſons why no man ſhould attempt a like tranſlation of Homer after him, than there were why he ſhould not have undertaken it after Mr. Dryden. One thing above all ſurprizes me in his execution of it, which is *The Catalogue of the ſhips*; a difficulty that I ſhould elſe have thought inſurmountable in rhime; this however he has accompliſhed in the ſmootheſt metre, and a very curious poem it is: No further attempt therefore remained to be made upon Homer, but of a tranſlation in blank verſe or in literal proſe; a contemporary of eminence in the republic of letters has lately given a proſe tranſlation of the Iliad, though Mr. Pope had declared in his preface that *no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language.*—It is eaſy to ſee what Mr. Pope aims to obtain by this poſition, and we muſt interpret the expreſſion of the word *juſt* to mean that no ſuch literal tranſlation

tranſlation can be equal to the ſpirit, though it ſhall be *juſt* to the ſenſe of its original: He knew full well, that no tranſlation in rhime could be literal, and he was therefore intereſted to premiſe that no literal tranſlation could be *juſt*; whether he has hereby vindicated his own deviations from the ſenſe of his author and thoſe pleonaſms, which the ſhackles of rhime have to a certain degree driven him into, and probably would have driven any other man much more, muſt be left with the claſſical reader to judge for himſelf; ſome of this deſcription, and in particular a learned Lecturer in Rhetoric, who has lately favoured the public with a collection of eſſays, pronounce of Mr. Pope's poem *that it is no tranſlation of Homer:* The ſame author points out the advantages of Miltonic verſe; and it muſt be confeſſed that Miltonic verſe ſeems to be that happy medium in metre, which ſtands the beſt chance of giving the compreſſed ſenſe of Homer without debaſing its ſpirit: It is a ſtern criticiſm to ſay that Mr. Pope's *is no tranſlation of Homer*; his warmeſt admirers will admit that it is not a cloſe one, and probably they will not diſpute but that it might be as *juſt*, if it had a cloſer reſemblance to its original, notwithſtanding what he ſays in the paſſage I have quoted from his preface. It is agreed therefore that

an opening is ſtill left between literal proſe and fettered rhyme; I ſhould conceive it might be a pleaſant exerciſe for men of talents to try a few ſpecimens from ſuch paſſages in the Iliad, as they might like beſt, and theſe perhaps might engage ſome one or more to proceed with the work, publiſhing a book at a time (as it were experimentally) by which means they might avail themſelves of the criticiſms of their candid judges, and make their final compilation more correct: If this was ably executed, a very ſplendid work might in time be compleated to the honour of our nation and language, embelliſhed with engravings of deſigns by our eminent maſters from ſelect ſcenes in each rhapſody, according to the judgment of the artiſt.

Small engines may ſet great machines in motion, as weak advocates ſometimes open ſtrong cauſes; in that hope, and with no other preſumption whatever, I ſhall conclude this paper with a few lines tranſlated from the outſet of the Iliad, which the reader, whoſe patience has hitherto kept company with me, may or may not peruſe as he thinks fit.

SING,

SING, Goddeſs Muſe, the wrath of Peleus' ſon,
Deſtructive ſource of all the numerous ills
That vex'd the ſons of Greece, and ſwept her hoſt
Of valiant heroes to untimely death;
But their unburied bodies left to feaſt
The dogs of Troy and carrion birds of prey;
So Jove decreed (and let Jove's will be done!)
In that ill hour, when firſt contention ſprang
'Twixt Agamemnon, of the armies chief,
And goddeſs-born Achilles. Say, what power
'Mongſt heav'n's high ſynod ſtirr'd the fatal ſtrife?—
Son of Latona by almighty Jove—
He, for the King's offence, with mortal plague
Smote the contagious camp, vengeance divine
For the inſulted honour of his prieſt,
Sage Chryſes; to the ſtation'd fleet of Greece,
With coſtly ranſom off'ring to redeem
His captive daughter, came the holy ſeer;
The laurel garland, enſign of his God,
And golden ſceptre in his hand he bore;
And thus to all, but chief the kingly ſons
Of Atreus, ſuppliant he addreſs'd his ſuit.
" Kings, and ye well-appointed warriors all!
" So may the Gods, who on Olympus' heighth
" Hold their celeſtial manſions, aid your arms
" To level yon proud towers, and to your homes
" Reſtore you, as to me you ſhall reſtore
" My captive daughter, and her ranſom take,
" In awful reverence of the God I ſerve."
He ceas'd; th' aſſembled warriors all aſſent,
All but Atrides, he, the general voice
Oppoſing, with determined pride rejects
The proffer'd ranſom and inſults the ſuit.

" Let

" Let me not find thee, Prieſt!—if thou preſum'ſt
" Or here to loiter, or henceforth to come,
" 'Tis not that ſceptre, no, nor laurel crown
" Shall be thy ſafeguard: Hence! I'll not reſtore
" The captive thou demand'ſt; doom'd for her life
" In diſtant Argos, where I reign, to ply
" The houſewife's loom and ſpread my nightly couch;
" Fly, whilſt thy flight can ſave thee, and begone!"
No more; obedient to the ſtern decree,
The aged ſuitor turns his trembling ſteps
To the ſurf-beaten ſhore; there calls his God,
And in the bitterneſs of anguiſh prays.
" Hear me, thou God, who draw'ſt the ſilver bow;
" Hear thou, whom Chryſa worſhips; hear, thou king
" Of Tenedos, of Cilla; Smintheus, hear!
" And, if thy prieſt hath ever deck'd thy ſhrine
" Or on thy flaming altars offer'd up
" Grateful oblations, ſend thine arrows forth;
" Strike, ſtrike theſe tyrants and avenge my tears!"
Thus Chryſes pray'd, nor was the pray'r unheard;
Quick at his call the vengeful God uprear'd
His tow'ring ſtature on Olympus' top;
Behind him hung his bow; onward he ſtrode
Terrific, black as night, and as he ſhook
His quiver'd arrows, the affrighted air
Echo'd the dreadful knell: Now from aloft
Wide o'er the ſubject fleet he glanc'd his eye,
And from his ſilver bow with ſounding ſtring
Launch'd th' unerring ſhaft: On mules and dogs
The miſſile death alighted; next to man
Spread the contagion dire; then thro' the camp
Frequent and ſad gleam'd the funereal fires.
Nine mournful days they gleam'd; haply the tenth
With

With better omens roſe; Achilles now
Conven'd the Grecian chiefs, thereto inſpir'd
By Jove's fair conſort, for the Goddeſs mourn'd
The deſolating miſchief: At the call
Of great Achilles none delay'd to come,
And in full council thus the hero ſpake.
" If quick retreat from this contagious ſhore
" Might ſave a remnant of our war-worn hoſt,
" My voice, Atrides, wou'd adviſe retreat;
" But not for me ſuch counſels: Call your ſeers,
" Prophets and prieſts, interpreters of dreams,
" For Jove holds commerce with mankind in ſleep,
" And let that holy convocation ſay
" Why falls Apollo's vengeance on our heads;
" And if oblations can avail for peace
" And intermiſſion from this waſting plague,
" Let victims bleed by hecatombs, and glut
" His altars, ſo his anger be appeas'd."

N° XXXIX.

HESIOD's heroic holds a middle place between the Orphean and Homeric ſtile; his Genealogy of the Deities reſembling the former, and his Shield of Hercules at due diſtance following the latter: His famous poem in praiſe of illuſtrious women is loſt; from the words

Ἢ Οἵη,

Ἠ Οἶη, with which it opened, it came in time to be generally known by the name of the *Eoics*, or *The Great Eoics*, and this title by misinterpretation has been construed to refer to the proper name of some favorite mistress, whom he chose to make the heroine of his poem; the poet being born at Ascra, a small village in the neighbourhood of Mount Helicon, *Eoa* was supposed to have been a beautiful damsel of Ascra, whom he was in love with: This poem seems to have been considered as the best work of the author, at least it was that which brought him most in favour with his contemporaries, and gained him some admirers, who even preferred him to Homer; we cannot wonder if that sex at least who were the objects of his panegyric, were the warmest in his praise. I suspect that Homer did not pay much court to the ladies in his Margites, and as for the Cypriacs they were professedly written to expose the gallantries of the fair sex; the character of Penelope however in the Odyssey is a standard of conjugal fidelity, and Helen, though a frail heroine in the Iliad, is painted with such delicate touches as to recommend her in the most interesting manner to our pity and forgiveness.

Hesiod's address carried every thing before it, and the choice of his subjects shews that popularity

larity was his ſtudy, for not content with engaging the fair ſex in his favour by the gallantry of *The Great Eoics*, he flattered the heroes of his time, or at leaſt the deſcendants of heroes, by a poem, which he intitled *The Heroic Genealogy:* As one was a profeſſed panegyric of beautiful and illuſtrious women, the other was written in the praiſe of brave and diſtinguiſhed men: If this heroic catalogue comprized only the great and noble of his own ſex, his *Times and Seaſons* were addreſſed to the community at large and conveyed inſtruction to the huſbandman and labourer; nor was this all, for great authorities have given to Heſiod the fables commonly aſcribed to Æſop, who is ſuppoſed only to have made ſome additions to Heſiod's collection; if this were ſo, we have another ſtrong reaſon for his popularity—*For fables*, as Quintilian well obſerves, *are above all things calculated to win the hearts of the vulgar and unlearned, who delight in pleaſing tales and fictions, and are eaſily led away with what they delight in.*—In ſhort Heſiod ſeems to have written to all ranks, degrees and deſcriptions of people; to rich and poor, to the learned and unlearned, to men, women and even to the deities themſelves.

Can we be ſurprized then if this politic and pleaſing author was the idol of his time, and gained

gained the prize even though Homer was his competitor? His contemporaries gave judgment in his favour, but poſterity revokes the decree: Quintilian, who probably had all his works before him, pronounces of Heſiod,—*That he rarely ſoars; that great part of his works are nothing elſe but catalogues and ſtrings of names, intermixed however with uſeful precepts gracefully delivered and appoſitely addreſſed; in fine, that his merit conſiſts in the middle ſtile of writing.*—Talents of this ſort probably recommended him to the unreſerved applauſe of all, whom ſuperiority of genius in another affects with envy and provokes to detraction. Many ſuch, beſides the grammarian Daphidas, were found to perſecute the name of Homer with malevolence, whilſt he roſe ſuperior to their attacks: The rhapſodiſts, whoſe vocation it was in public and private to entertain the company with their recitations, were ſo conſtantly employed in repeating Homer's poems preferably to all others, that in time they were univerſally called Homeriſts; Demetrius Phalereus at length introduced them into the theatres and made them chaunt the poems of his favorite author on the ſtage: The poet Simonides, celebrated for his memory, repeated long paſſages of Homer, ſitting in the public theatre on a ſeat erected for him on the ſtage for

for that purpoſe; Caſſander, king of Macedonia, had the whole Iliad and Odyſſey by heart, and was continually repeating, not in company only, but in his private hours to himſelf: Steſichorus alſo, the ſublimeſt of all poets next to Homer and his greateſt imitator, was remarkably fond of chaunting forth paſſages in the Iliad and Odyſſey; it is related alſo that he uſed frequently to repeat verſes of Heſiod, Archilochus, Mimnermus, and Phocylides the Mileſian, who is the ſuppoſed author of the poem intitled *Paræneſis*, yet extant. We are obliged to the grammarians for many ſcraps or fragments from the wrecks of authors, but in the caſe of Heſiod's Eoics meet with one remnant only preſerved by Pauſanias, and this relates to Iphigenia, who, by Heſiod's account, was by the favour of Diana reprieved from extinction and immortalized in the perſon of the goddeſs Hecate.

As for the bards of the Orphean family, it is difficult to adjuſt their chronologies and deſcents; I have already enumerated five poets of the name of Orpheus, and ſaid in general terms, that there were ſeveral of the name of Muſæus; they may be thus deſcribed; viz. firſt, Muſæus, ſon of Antiphemus and diſciple of Orpheus, ſtiled an epic poet; he wrote a long poem of four thouſand verſes containing precepts, addreſſed to his

ſon Eumolpus, and thence intitled *The Eumolpiad*; he wrote a hymn to Ceres, a poem on the cure of diſeaſes, and publiſhed certain prophetic verſes, though his title to theſe has been brought into diſpute by the artifices of one Onomacritus, a plagiariſt and pretended diviner in the time of Hipparchus, who put off theſe verſes of Muſæus as his own. The ſecond Muſæus was grandſon of the firſt and ſon of Eumolpus; various poems are given to this Muſæus, particularly The Theogony, The Sphere, the Myſteries of Initiation and Luſtration, The Titans, &c. The third Muſæus a Theban was ſon of Thamyris and grandſon of Philammon; he flouriſhed about the time of the Trojan war: His father Thamyris is recorded by Homer.

" And Dorion fam'd for Thamyris' diſgrace,
" Superior once of all the tuneful race,
" Till vain of mortals' empty praiſe he ſtrove
" To match the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove;
" Too daring bard! whoſe unſucceſsful pride
" Th' immortal Muſes in their art defy'd;
" Th' avenging Muſes of the light of day
" Depriv'd his eyes, and ſnatch'd his voice away;
" No more his heav'nly voice was heard to ſing,
" His hand no more awak'd the ſilver ſtring."

(POPE, Il. 2.)

Such was the fate of blind Thamyris, but he has double ſecurity for immortality, having a

place not only in the Iliad of Homer, but alſo in the Paradiſe Loſt of Milton:

" Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
" That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
" Nightly I viſit; nor ſometimes forget
" Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
" So were I equall'd with them in renown,
" Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides."
(Book 3d.)

Thus, although the works of this famous bard have totally periſhed, and *his heavenly voice is no more heard to ſing*, yet it has been his ſingular good fortune to be celebrated by the greateſt poet of antiquity, and ranked with that very poet by the greateſt of the moderns; and all three involved in the ſame viſitation of blindneſs; an extraordinary concurrence!

The fourth Muſæus was ſon of Orpheus and Preſident of the Eleuſynian Myſteries: This is the Muſæus, whom Juſtin Martyr ſays was inſtructed by his father in a more rational religion than he practiſed in the temple of Ceres, and taught the knowledge and worſhip of one ſupreme God, creator of all things. The fifth was Muſæus of Epheſus, an epic poet; the ſixth a grammarian, whoſe treatiſe on the Iſthmian games is quoted by Euripides; and the ſeventh and laſt, is that Muſæus, whom the poet Mar-

tial mentions for having written *Pathiciſſimos libellos*, and the author as it is probable of the little poem upon Hero and Leander, now extant, which Scaliger ſo much admires.

Archilochus flouriſhed in Olymp. xxiii. and was a very early writer of Iambics;—*He excels*, ſays Quintilian, *in energy of ſtile; his periods ſtrong, compreſſed and brilliant, replete with life and vigour: ſo that if he is ſecond to any it is from defect of ſubject, not from natural inferiority of genius.*

He adds, that—*Ariſtarchus was of opinion, that of all the writers of Iambic verſe Archilochus alone carried it to perfection.*—Athenæus has preſerved a little epigram of his no otherwiſe worth recording than as it is the only relick of his muſe, except one diſtich in long and ſhort verſe purporting that he was devoted to Mars and the Muſes; the epigram may be tranſlated as follows:—

Glutton, we aſk thee not to be our gueſt,
It is thy belly bids thee to our feaſt.
ARCHIL.

Archilochus fell in battle by the hand of Calondas, who immolated his own ſon to the manes of the poet to atone the vengeance of Apollo: He was a man of great private virtue and diſtinguiſhed

tinguiſhed courage, but a ſevere unſparing ſatiriſt.

Tiſias, commonly called *Steſichorus* from his invention of the chorus, which he ſung to the accompaniment of his harp, was contemporary with Solon, and born at Himera in the iſland of Sicily; as a lyric poet he was unequalled by any of the Greeks but Pindar; his ſubjects were all of the epic caſt, and he oftentimes roſe to a ſublimity, that rivalled Homer, upon whoſe model he formed himſelf; this he would have done throughout according to the opinion of Quintilian, if his genius had not led him into a redundancy, but his characters are drawn with great dignity and preſerved juſtly. He did not viſit Greece till he was far advanced in age, and died in Olymp. lvi. in the city of Catana in his native iſland of Sicily, where he was buried at the public coſt with diſtinguiſhed ceremony and magnificence. A tomb was erected to his memory near one of the city gates, which was thenceforward called the gate of Steſichorus; this tomb was compoſed of eight columns, had eight ſteps and eight angles after the cabaliſtical numbers of Pythagoras, whoſe myſterious philoſophy was then in general vogue; the cubic number of eight was emblematic of ſtrength, ſolidity and magnificence, and from this tomb of

Steſichorus aroſe the Greek proverb Πάντα Ὀκλώ, by which was meant any thing perfect and compleat. Phalaris of Agrigentum erected a temple to his name and decreed him divine honours; all the cities in Sicily conſpired in lamenting the death of their favorite poet, and vied with each other in the trophies they dedicated to his memory.

Epimenides of Crete, the epic poet, was contemporary with Solon, and there is a letter in the life of that great man inſerted by the ſophiſts, which is feigned to have been written by Solon in his exile to Epimenides: This poet as well as his contemporary Ariſtæas is ſaid to have had the faculty of ſtopping the functions of life and recalling them at pleaſure: *Ariſtæas* wrote a poem intitled Arimaſpea, containing the hiſtory of the northern Arimaſpeans, a people of Scythia, whom he deſcribes as the fierceſt of all human beings and pretends that they have only one eye; he alſo compoſed an heroic poem on the genealogy of the deities: Strabo ſays, if ever there was a quack in the world, this Ariſtæas was one. *Simonides* the poet lived in the court of Hipparchus and was much careſſed by that elegant prince; he was a pleaſing courtly writer, and excelled in the pathetic. *Alcæus* was poet, muſician and warrior; Quintilian gives him great

great praiſe for the boldneſs of his ſatire againſt tyrants, and occaſionally for the moral tendency of his writings, but admits that ſometimes his muſe is looſe and wanton: It appears from ſome fragments preſerved by Athenæus, that he wrote ſeveral poems or ſonnets in praiſe of drinking; there is alſo a fragment in the martial ſtile, deſcribing the variety of armour, with which his houſe was adorned. *Callimachus*, *Theocritus*, *Anacreon* and *Sappho*, are to a certain degree known to us by their remains: Every branch of poetry, but the drama, was at this æra at its greateſt perfection.

N° XL.

THERE is a conſiderable fragment in Athenæus of a love-poem written by *Hermeſianax* of Colophon to his miſtreſs Leontium; the poet recommends his paſſion by telling her how love has triumphed over all the great geniuſes in their turns, and begins with the inſtances of Orpheus and Muſæus, and brings them down to Sophocles, Euripides, Pythagoras, and Socrates. This Hermeſianax muſt

have been a contemporary of Epicurus, foraſmuch as Leontium was the miſtreſs of that philoſopher as well as of his diſciple Metrodorus: It is plain therefore that the learned Gerard John Voſſius did not advert to this circumſtance, when he puts Hermeſianax amongſt the poets of a doubtful age. Leontium was an Athenian courtezan, no leſs celebrated for ſcience than beauty, for ſhe engaged in a philoſophical controverſy with Theophraſtus, of which Cicero takes notice *(lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.)* Pliny alſo records an anecdote of her being painted by Theodorus ſitting in a ſtudious attitude.

This fragment may not improperly be called the amours of the Greek poets, and as it relates to many, of whom we have been ſpeaking, and is withal a very curious ſpecimen of an author very little known even by name, I have inſerted the following tranſlation in the hope that it will not be unacceptable to my readers.

Οὖν,

Οἵην μὲν φίλος γὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰάγροιο,
Αἰγριόπην θρήσσαν ςειλάμενος κιθάρη.—
&c. (*Athen. lib.* xiii.)

SUCH was the nymph, whom *Orpheus* led
From the dark manſions of the dead,
Where Charon with his lazy boat
Ferries o'er Lethe's ſedgy moat;
Th' undaunted minſtrel ſmites the ſtrings,
His ſtrain thro' hell's vaſt concave rings;
Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
And refluent turns his pitying ſtream;
Three-headed Cerberus, by fate
Poſted at Pluto's iron gate,
Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
Ecſtatic and foregoes his prize:
With ears erect at hell's wide doors
Lies liſt'ning as the ſongſter ſoars;
Thus muſic charm'd the realms beneath,
And beauty triumph'd over death.

The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
In ſecret on the Athenian ſhore,
Muſæus, felt the ſacred flame,
And burnt for the fair Theban dame
Antiope, whom mighty Love
Made pregnant by imperial Jove;
The poet plied his amorous ſtrain,
Preſs'd the fond fair, nor preſs'd in vain,
For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
That ſcreen'd her myſteries from his view,
Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
That woman cloſe beſieg'd will yield,

Old

Old *Heſiod* too his native ſhade
Made vocal to th' Aſcrean maid,
The bard his heav'n-directed lore
Forſook, and hymn'd the Gods no more:
Soft love-ſick ditties now he ſung,
Love touch'd his harp, love tun'd his tongue,
Silent his heliconian lyre,
And love's put out religion's fire.

Homer, of all paſt bards the prime
And wonder of all future time,
Whom Jove with wit ſublimely bleſt,
And touch'd with pureſt fire his breaſt,
From gods and heroes turn'd away
To warble the domeſtic lay,
And wand'ring to the defart iſle,
On whoſe parch'd ſands no ſeaſons ſmile,
In diſtant Ithaca was ſeen
Chaunting the ſuit-repelling Queen.

Mimnermus tun'd his am'rous lay,
When time had turn'd his temples grey;
Love revell'd in his aged veins,
Soft was his lyre, and ſweet his ſtrains;
Frequenter of the wanton feaſt,
Nanno his theme, and youth his gueſt.

Antimachus with tender art
Pour'd forth the ſorrows of his heart;
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryſeis his beloved maid;
And thence returning ſad beſide
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minſtrel came,
Still ſighing forth the mournful name.

T..

Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

Alcæus ſtrung his ſounding lyre,
And ſmote it with a hand of fire,
To Sappho, fondeſt of the fair,
Chaunting the loud and lofty air.

Whilſt old *Anacreon*, wet with wine,
And crown'd with wreaths of Leſbian vine,
To his unnatural minion ſung
Ditties, that put to bluſh the young.

Ev'n *Sophocles*, whoſe honey'd lore
Rivals the bee's delicious ſtore,
Chorus'd the praiſe of wine and love,
Choiceſt of all the gifts of Jove.

Euripides, whoſe tragic breaſt
No yielding fair one ever preſt,
At length in his obdurate heart
Felt love's revengeful rankling dart,
Thro' Macedon with furious joy
Panting he chas'd the pathic boy;
Till vengeance met him in the way,
And blood-hounds made the bard their prey.

Philoxenus, by wood-nymphs bred
On fam'd Cithæron's ſacred head,
And train'd to muſic, wine and ſong,
'Midſt orgies of the frantic throng,
When beauteous Galatea died,
His flute and thyrſus caſt aſide;
And wand'ring to thy penſive coaſt,
Sad Melos, where his love was loſt,

Each

Each night thro' the reſponſive air
Thy echoes witneſs'd his deſpair:
Still, ſtill his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly-ſinging bird.

Philotas too in Battis' praiſe
Sung his long-winded roundelays;
His ſtatue in the Coan grove
Now breathes in braſs perpetual love.

The mortified abſtemious ſage,
Deep read in learning's crabbed page,
Pythagoras, whoſe boundleſs ſoul
Scal'd the wide globe from pole to pole,
Earth, planets, ſeas and heav'n above,
Yet found no ſpot ſecure from love;
With love declines unequal war,
And trembling drags his conqueror's car,
Theano claſp'd him in her arms,
And wiſdom's ſtoop'd to beauty's charms.

Ev'n *Socrates*, whoſe moral mind
With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
When at Aſpatia's ſide he ſate,
Still found no end to love's debate,
For ſtrong indeed muſt be that heart
Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage *Ariſtippus* by right rule
Of logic purg'd the Sophiſt's ſchool,
Check'd folly in its headlong courſe,
And ſwept it down by reaſon's force;
'Till Venus aim'd the heart-felt blow,
And laid the mighty victor low.

A little

A little before the time that Piſiſtratus eſtabliſhed his tyranny at Athens, the people of Greece had diſtinguiſhed certain of their moſt eminent ſages by the denomination of the Seven Wiſe Men. This flattering pre-eminence ſeems to have been diſtributed with more attention to the ſeparate claims of the different ſtates, than to the particular pretenſions of the perſons, who compoſed this celebrated junto: If any one community had affected to monopolize the prerogative of wiſdom, others would hardly have ſubſcribed their aſſent to ſo partial a diſtribution; and yet when ſuch diſtinguiſhed characters as Pythagoras, Anacharſis the Scythian, Miſon, Pherecydes, Epimenides, and Piſiſtratus himſelf, were excluded, or at beſt rated only as wiſemen-extraordinary, many of their admirers complained of the excluſion, and inſiſted on their being rated in the liſt; hence ariſes a difficulty in determining the preciſe number of the principals: The common account however is as follows, viz. *Solon* of Athens, *Thales* of Miletus, *Periander* of Corinth, *Cleobulus* the Rhodian, *Chilon* the Lacedæmonian, *Bias* of Priene, and *Pittacus* of Mitylene.

This diſtribution was well calculated to inſpire emulation amongſt rival ſtates, and to that emulation Greece was indebted for the conſpicuous

ſpicuous figure ſhe made in the world of letters. The Ionic and Italian ſchools of philoſophy were eſtabliſhed under Thales and Pythagoras; the firſt was ſupported by Anaximander the ſucceſſor of Thales, by Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Ariſtotle, Diogenes, Zeno and other illuſtrious men; Pythagoras's ſchool devolved upon Empedocles, Heraclitus, Zenophanes, Democritus, Pyrrho and Epicurus. The original tenets of the firſt maſters were by no means adhered to by their deſcendants; the wanderings of error are not to be reſtrained by ſyſtem; hypotheſis was built upon hypotheſis, and the labyrinth at length became too intricate to be unravelled: Sparks of light were in the mean time ſtruck out by the active colliſion of wit; noble truths occaſionally broke forth, and ſayings, worthy to be regiſtered amongſt the doctrines of Chriſtian revelation, fell from heathen lips: in the lofty ſpirit of philoſophy they inſulted pain, reſiſted pleaſure, and ſet at defiance death itſelf. Reſpect is due to ſo much dignity of character; the meek forgiving tenets, which Chriſtianity inculcates, were touched upon but lightly and by few; ſome however by the force of intellect followed the light of reaſon into a future ſtate of immortality; they appear to have contemplated the Divine Eſſence, as he is, ſimple and ſupreme, and

and not filtered into attributes corruptly perſonified by a ſynod of divinities. Of ſuch men we muſt think and ſpeak with admiration and affection.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic ſchool, was a great man and a good citizen; he ſtudied geometry under Egyptian maſters, and introduced ſome new diſcoveries in aſtronomy and the celeſtial ſphere, regulating and correcting the Greek calendar, which Solon, about the ſame time, made ſome attempts to reform at Athens. This he did by bringing it to a conformity with the Hebrew calendar, except that his year began with the ſummer ſolſtice, and that of the Hebrews with the vernal. Now the Hebrew calendar compriſed twelve months, and each month ſeverally compriſed the ſame, or nearly the ſame, number of days as our's. This appears by an examination of Moſes's account of the deluge in the ſeventh chapter of Geneſis.

Amongſt other nations the calendar was exceedingly vague and unſettled: The Egyptians meaſured their year by four months; the Arcadians by three; the Carians and Acarnanians by ſix, and the people of Alba by ten; at the ſame time all theſe nations were in the practice of making up the year to its natural completion by intercalendary months or days. In the time

of

of Romulus the Romans followed the calendar of the Albanians; and of the ten months, which their year consisted of, four comprized thirty-one days each, viz. Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October; the six other consisted of thirty days, and were named Aprilis, Junius, Sextilis, September, November, December. By this calendar Romulus's year regularly consisted of only 304 days, and to compleat the natural period he was obliged to resort to the expedient of intercalendary days.

Numa was too much of a philosopher not to seek a remedy for these deficiencies, and added two months to his year: The former of these he named Januarius from bifrons Janus, one of whose faces was supposed to look towards the past, and the other towards the succeeding year; the other new month he called Februarius, from Februus, the deity presiding over lustrations; this being the month for the religious rites of the Dii Manes, it was made to consist of twenty-eight days, being an even number; all the others, conformably to the superstition of the times, consisted of odd numbers as more propitious, and accordingly Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October, had each thirty-one days, and the other seven, twenty-nine days, so that the year, thus regulated, had 355 days, and it was left to the priests

to

to make up the reſidue with ſupplementary days.

This commiſſion became a dangerous prerogative in the hands of the ſacerdotal order, and was executed with much irregularity and abuſe; they lengthened and ſhortened the natural period of the year, as intereſt influenced them to accord to the prolongation or abbreviation of the annual magiſtracies dependant thereupon. In this ſtate things were ſuffered to remain till Julius Cæſar ſucceeded to the pontificate; he then undertook a reform of the calendar, being in his third conſulate, his colleague being Œmilius Lepidus. Aſſiſted by the beſt aſtronomers of the time, particularly the philoſopher Soſigenes, he extended the year of his reform to 442 days, and thenceforward ordained that the year ſhould conſiſt of 365 days, diſtributed into months as it now ſtands, except that he added one day to February every fifth year, and not every third.

Thales died in the fifty-eighth Olympiad in extreme old age: The famous philoſopher Pherecydes died a few years before him of that horrible diſtemper called the *Morbus Pediculoſus*, and in his laſt illneſs wrote, or is ſuppoſed to have written, to Thales as follows:—

PHERECYDES to THALES.

May your death be eaſy, when the hour ſhall come! for my part, when your letter reached me, I was ſinking under the attack of a moſt loathſome diſeaſe accompanied with a continual fever. I have therefore given it in charge to my friends, as ſoon as they ſhall have committed my remains to the earth, to convey my manuſcripts to your hands. If you and the reſt of your wiſe fraternity ſhall on peruſal approve of making them public, do ſo; otherwiſe let them not ſee the light; certainly they do not ſatisfy my judgment in all particulars; the beſt of us are liable to error; the truth of things is not diſcoverable by human ſagacity, and I am juſtly doubtful of myſelf: Upon queſtions of theology I have been cautious how I have committed myſelf; other matters I have treated with leſs reſerve; in all caſes however I ſuggeſt rather than dictate.

Though I feel my diſſolution approaching and inevitable, I have not abſolutely diſmiſſed my phyſicians and friends; but as my diſeaſe is infectious, I do not let them enter my doors, but have contrived a ſignal for informing them of my condition, and have warned them to prepare themſelves for paying the laſt offices to my corpſe to-morrow.

Farewell for ever!

N° XLI.

N° XLI.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camenæ
Dicitur, et plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis
Qui canerent agerentque perunctì fæcibus ora.
(HORAT.)

HAVING carried down the hiſtory of Athens to that period, when a new ſpecies of poetry made its appearance, I propoſe in this place to treat of the origin and introduction of the drama; in doing this, my chief ſtudy will be to methodize and arrange the matter, which other writers have thrown out, ſenſible that in a ſubject ſo often exhauſted very little elſe can now remain to be done.

Ariſtotle ſays—*That Homer alone properly deſerves the name of poet, not only as being ſuperior to all others ſo called, but as the firſt who prepared the way for the introduction of the drama; and this he did, not merely by the diſplay of his powers on grave and tragic ſubjects, but inaſmuch as he ſuggeſted the firſt plot and device for comedy alſo; not founding it upon coarſe and opprobrious invective, but upon wholeſome and facetious ridicule: So that his Margites bears the ſame analogy to comedy, as his Iliad and Odyſſey do to tragedy.*

This assertion in favour of Homer coming from such high authority has been adopted by the scholiasts, critics and commentators, who have treated either of that great poet or of the drama from the time when it was made to the present: But it should be observed that Aristotle is not here speaking of the drama professedly as a chronologist, but reviewing it as an object of criticism, and under this view it can no otherwise come into contemplation than in its more advanced and perfect state, when built upon the model of Homer's fables and characters; after it had thrown off the barbarous traces of its real origin, and had quitted Bacchus and the Satyrs. Of tragedy, as a written and consistent poem, Homer may well be stiled the father; for when Phrynichus and Æschylus introduced on the scene Μύθες Καὶ Πάθη, the stories and calamities of heroes, tragedy became Homeric, or in other words assumed a dignity of tone and character, that was copied from the epic of Homer, as comedy was from his iambic; and agreeably to this Aristotle names Epicharmus as the first comic poet, who was professedly a copyist of the Margites.

Now by settling the dates of a few well-established facts we shall bring this question into closer view. Pisistratus after a broken reign of thirty-

thirty-three years died in Olymp. lxiii. whereas the Marmor Chronicon records, that the firſt tragedy at Athens was made my Theſpis, and acted on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. Suidas confirms this record: From the ſame authority (viz. Mar. Chron.) we collect that Suſarion made the firſt comedy at Athens, and acted it on a moveable ſcaffold in the middle of Olymp. liv. being one year before Piſiſtratus eſtabliſhed his tyranny. By theſe dates it appears that comedy was made and acted at Athens ſeveral years before the compilation of Homer's epic poems, and tragedy before or at that time, admitting for the preſent that Theſpis was the firſt who made tragedies, and that the record above cited was the date of his firſt tragedy.

I am aware that theſe facts alone will not prove that the inventors of the drama did not copy from Homer; for it cannot be denied that Theſpis and even Suſarion might have reſorted to his poems, before they were compiled by Piſiſtratus; and as for Theſpis, if we were to admit the tragedies, which Suidas aſcribes to him, to be genuine, it is evident from their titles that ſome of them were built upon Homeric fables; but good critics find ſtrong reaſons to object to this liſt, which Suidas has given us, and I muſt think it a fair preſumption againſt

their authenticity, that Ariſtotle, who gives Homer the credit of furniſhing the firſt ſuggeſtions of the drama, does not inſtance Theſpis's tragedies; for had they been what Suidas reports, it can hardly be ſuppoſed that Ariſtotle would have overlooked an inſtance ſo much to his purpoſe, or failed to have quoted Theſpis, as the firſt tragic writer, when he names Epicharmus as the firſt comic one, who copied from Homer.

Plutarch in his Sympoſia ſays—*That when Phrynichus and Æſchylus firſt turned the ſubject of tragedy to fables and doleful ſtories, the people ſaid, What's this to Bacchus?*—According to this anecdote how could Theſpis, who was anterior to Phrynichus and Æſchylus, be a writer of ſuch tragedies, as Suidas has aſcribed to him.

Another very ingenious argument for their confutation is drawn from a ſhort fragment, which the ſame author has quoted from the *Pentheus*, one of thoſe tragedies which Suidas gives to Theſpis: This fragment purports that —*The Deity is ſituated remote from all pleaſure or pain*: A paſſage of this caſt can never have been part of a ludicrous drama belonging to Bacchus and the Satyrs, and therefore either Plutarch muſt be miſtaken in his anecdote above cited, or Suidas in his author of *The Pentheus*; but

but it is further urged by a ſagacious critic that this fragment bears internal evidence of a forgery, being doctrine of a later date than Theſpis, and plainly of the fabrication of Plato's academy: In confirmation of this remark, circumſtances of a more poſitive nature are adduced, and Diogenes Laertius is brought forward, who actually charges Heraclides of writing certain tragedies and fathering them upon Theſpis, and this charge Laertius grounds upon the authority of Ariſtoxenus the muſician: The credit of Ariſtoxenus as a philoſopher, hiſtorian, and faithful relater of facts, is as well eſtabliſhed with the learned world, as the character of Heraclides is notorious for plagiariſm, falſehood and affectation; he was a vain rich man, a great juggler in literature, aſpiring to rival Plato in his writings, and one who was detected in bribing the Pythia, to decree a crown of gold and divine honours to him after his deceaſe; a man as apt to palm his own productions upon others, as he was to aſſume other men's productions to himſelf, which he was convicted of by Chamæleon in his ſpurious treatiſe upon Homer and Heſiod.

This practice of fathering tragedies upon great names obtained in more inſtances than one; for Dionyſius wrote a tragedy called Par-

thenopæus and palmed it upon Sophocles, a bolder forgery than this of Heraclides; and it is remarkable, that Heraclides himſelf was caught by this forgery, and quotes the Parthenopæus as genuine.

Plato ſpeaking of The Diety uſes theſe words —Πορρῶ ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης ἕδρυται τὸ θεῖον— *The Deity is ſituated remote from all pleaſure and pain:* A ſentiment ſo coincident with the fragment quoted by Plutarch from the Pentheus aſcribed to Theſpis, ſeems to warrant the remark before made, which ſuppoſes it to have been fabricated in the academy of Plato: This with the authority of Ariſtoxenus for the general forgery, and Plutarch's aſſertion that tragedy was ſatyric before Phrynichus and Æſchylus, will have its weight againſt the titles of Theſpis's tragedies, as they are given in Suidas; and accordingly I find that the editor of Suidas, commenting upon this very article, in effect admits the error of his author: This argument moreover accounts for the ſilence of Ariſtotle as to Theſpis's tragedies.

I am aware that it has been a queſtion with ſome critics, whether tragedy originated with Theſpis, notwithſtanding the record of the Marmor Chronicon, and Suidas ſtates the pretenſions of Epigenes the Sicyonian prior to Theſpis;

pis; but in this he is ſingle and unſupported by any evidence, except what Plato aſſerts generally in his Minos—*That tragedy was extremely antient at Athens, and that it is to be dated neither from Theſpis, nor from Phrynichus*;—Some authorities alſo place Theſpis's firſt tragedy in a higher period than Olymp. lxi. as it ſtands in the Marmor; for Laertius ſays—*That Solon hindered Theſpis from acting his tragedies, believing thoſe feigned repreſentations to be of no uſe.*—And Plutarch tells us—*That Solon ſaw one of Theſpis's plays, but diſliking the manner of it, forbade him to act any more.*—I need not obſerve that this muſt have paſſed before Piſiſtratus eſtabliſhed his tyranny, which did not take place till the laſt year of Olymp. liv. but if theſe facts be admitted, they ſeem to be deciſive as to the tragedy's being alluſive to Bacchus and the Satyrs in its firſt inſtance at leaſt; becauſe it can hardly be ſuppoſed that ſo profeſt an admirer of Homer as Solon was known to be, and himſelf a poet, would have objected to any drama formed upon his model.

As to Plato's general aſſertion with reſpect to the high antiquity of the Athenian tragedy, it ſeems thrown out as a paradox, which he does not attempt to illuſtrate or ſupport, and I cannot think it ſtands in the way of Theſpis's pretenſions to be

be conſidered as the father of tragedy, confirmed by ſo many authorities.

All theſe ſeeming difficulties will be reconciled, if we concur with the beſt opinions in the following particulars, viz. That tragedy, which was concerned about Bacchus and the Satyrs, was in no inſtance committed to writing: That Theſpis's firſt tragedy, which Solon ſaw and diſliked, was of this unwritten and ſatyric ſort: That in proceſs of time the ſame author actually wrote tragedy, and firſt acted it on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. within the æra of Piſiſtratus, and according to the record of the Marmor Chronicon, ſo often referred to.

I will not diſguiſe that Dr. Bentley, whoſe criticiſm is ſo concluſive for the forgery of thoſe tragedies quoted by Plutarch and enumerated by Suidas, Julius Pollux and Clemens of Alexandria, is of opinion *Theſpis himſelf publiſhed nothing in writing*; but as there are ſo many teſtimonies for his being the father of tragedy in general, and ſome which expreſsly ſay he was the firſt *writer* of tragedy, I hope I ſhall not treſpaſs too far on my reader's patience, if I lay the chief of theſe authorities before him.

The Arundel Marble, which is of date as high as Olymp. cxxix. ſets forth that *Theſpis was the firſt, who gave being to tragedy.* The epigram

of

of Dioſcorides, printed in Mr. Stanley's edition of Æſchylus, gives the invention to Theſpis. In the Anthologia there are two epigrams, which expreſsly ſay the ſame; one begins—Θέσπιδος ἕυρεμα τὅτο—the other—Θέσπις ὅδε, τραγίκὴνὸς ἀνέπλασε πρῶτος ἀσιδήν. Plutarch in his Solon ſays—*That Theſpis gave riſe and beginning to the very rudiments of tragedy.* Clemens of Alexandria makes Theſpis the contriver of tragedy, as Suſarion was of comedy. Athenæus ſays both comedy and tragedy were ſtruck out at Icarius, a place in Attica, where Theſpis was born. Suidas records to the ſame effect, and Donatus ſpeaks expreſsly to the point of written tragedy——*Theſpis autem primas* hæc ſcripta *in omnium notitiâ protulit.*—What Horace ſays of Theſpis in his Art of Poetry, and more particularly in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus, where he claſſes him with Æſchylus and Sophocles, certainly implies that he was a *writer* of tragedy, and is ſo interpreted by Cruquius and the old commentator preſerved in his edition. I ſhall add one circumſtance to the above authorities, which is, that the Chorus alone performed the whole drama, till Theſpis introduced one actor to their relief; this reform could hardly be made, much leſs be recorded by Ariſtotle, unleſs Theſ-

pis had *written* tragedies and publiſhed them to the world.

Upon the whole I incline to conſider Theſpis as the firſt author of the written tragedy and to place him in Olymp. lxi. From him tragedy deſcended through Pratinas, Carcinus and Phrynichus to Æſchylus, and this is the firſt age of the tragic drama.

N° XLII.

ABOUT two centuries had elapſed from the date of Theſpis's tragedy to the time when Ariſtotle wrote his poetics; which muſt have been after he quitted the ſervice of Alexander, to whom he ſent a copy of that treatiſe: The chain of dramatiſts from Theſpis to Euripedes had been continued in regular ſucceſſion, and it is not to be ſuppoſed, but that he might have given a more particular and methodical account of the firſt inventors of tragedy, if it had fallen within the ſcope of his work; but this being merely critical, he takes his account of tragedy and comedy from Æſchylus and Epicharmus, contenting himſelf with a brief detail of

of such vague and dubious traditions relative to the first inventors, as common fame seems to have thrown in his way.

He loosely observes—*That the people of Megaris claim the invention of comedy; that there is reason to think it took its origin in a popular and free form of government, which that of Megaris then was: That Epicharmus the Sicilian was far senior to Chionides and Magnes, the first Athenian writers of comedy*:—He also throws out an idle suggestion from the etymology of the words *comedy* and *drama*, the former of which he derives from Κώμαι, villages, and the latter from the verb Δρᾶν, ὅτι μιμεῖνται Δρῶντες.—Now the people of Peloponnesus he tells us use the words Κώμαι and Δρᾶν in their dialect, whereas the Athenians express themselves by those of Δήμοι and Πράττειν, and upon this rests the Peloponnesians' pretensions to be considered as the inventors of the drama: He then refers to what he considers as the true source and foundation of the drama, the works of Homer; and throwing aside all others, as tales not worth relating, proceeds to the execution of his plan, viz. The definition and elucidation of the tragic poem.

These suggestions were thrown out by Aristotle for no other purpose, as it should seem, but

but to caſt a ridicule upon every other account of the diſcovery of the drama, but his own; for he might as well have given the invention of comedy to the Megarenſians for their being notorious laughers; Γέλως Μεγαρικός, *to laugh like a Megarenſian* being a phraſe in vulgar uſe with the Athenians; nay indeed he might have gone a ſtep further and given them tragedy alſo, for *Megarenſian tears* were as proverbial as *Megarenſian laughter*; but a true Athenian would have anſwered, that the former alluded only to the onions, which their country abounded in, and was applied in ridicule of thoſe who counterfeited ſorrow: In ſhort the Megarenſians ſeem to have been the butts and buffoons of the Athenians, and held in ſovereign contempt by them. As for the Peloponneſian etymologies, Ariſtotle muſt have known that neither the one nor the other had the leaſt foundation; and that there is not a comedy of Ariſtophanes, in which he does not uſe the verb Δρᾶν frequently and in the mouths of Athenian ſpeakers; in his *Birds* I find it within a few lines of the verb Πράττειν, and uſed by one and the ſame ſpeaker; I have no doubt the like is true of Κώμαι, but I did not think the ſearch worth following.

Bacchus and the Satyrs were both ſource and ſubject

ſubject of the firſt drama, and the jocund rites of that deity were celebrated at all times and under all governments with the ſame unreſtrained feſtivity: This celebration was too cloſely interwoven with popular ſuperſtition to be checked by the moſt jealous of tyrants; the privileged ſeaſons of Bacchus were out of the reach of the magiſtrate; nor was the old ſatyrical maſque of the Athenians in Piſiſtratus's time leſs licentious than that of the Megarenſians in their freeſt ſtate; though it ſoon happened that the republic of Megara became an oligarchy, and the monarchy of Athens was converted into a republic.

The manner in which the drama was ſtruck out may naturally be accounted for. The Greeks from early time were in the habit of chanting ſongs and extemporary verſes in the villages in praiſe of Bacchus at the *Trina Dyoniſia*, which times anſwer to March, April, and January; afterwards they performed theſe ſongs or dithyrambs at the Panathenæa, which were celebrated in the month of Auguſt. The Athenians were of all people living the moſt addicted to raillery and invective; theſe village-ſongs and feſtivities of Bacchus gave a ſcope to the wildeſt extravagancies of mummery and grimace, mixt with coarſe but keen raillery from the

labourers

labourers and peaſants concerned in the vintage: The women from their carts, maſked and diſguiſed with lees of wine, and men accoutred in rude groteſque habits like ſatyrs, and crowned with garlands of ivy and violets, vented ſuch prompt and irregular ſallies, as their inebriated fancies furniſhed on the inſtant, or elſe rehearſed ſuch little traditional and local ballads in iambic metre, as were in faſhion at the time; accompanying them with extravagant geſticulations and dances incidental to the ſubject, and ſuitable to the character of the deity they were celebrating.

The drunken feſtivities of the antient Danes, when they ſacrificed to their rural deities—*Annuæ ut ipſis contingeret felicitas, frugumque et arnonæ uberrimus proventus*—and the Highland ceremonies and libations of the *Bel-tein* are of this character.

The Athenian calendar was crowded with theſe feaſts: Drinking-matches were rewarded with prizes and even crowns of gold; their phallic ceremonies were of this deſcription: They uſed vehement geſticulations in reading and ſpeaking; their rhapſodiſts carried this habit to exceſs, and in the dithyrambic hymn every outragious geſture, which enthuſiaſm inſpires, was put in practice: The dithyramb was conceived

ceived in a metaphorical inflated ſtile, ſtuffed with an obſcure jargon of ſounding phraſes and performed in honour of Bacchus.

In theſe dithyrambic verſes and phallic ſongs we have the foundation of tragedy and comedy; the ſolemn and ſwelling tone of the firſt and the petulant vivacity of the latter appoſitely point to the reſpective character of each. The ſatire and ſcurrility they indulged from their vintage waggons, their maſks and diſguiſes in the hairy habits of ſatyrs, their wanton ſongs and dances at the Phallic ceremonies, and the dark bombaſt of the dithyramb chanted by the rhapſodiſts with every tumid and extravagant action, all together form a compleat outline of the firſt drama: As ſoon as dialogue and repartee were added, it became to all intents a maſque, and in this ſtate it is diſcovered in very early times throughout the villages of Greece. When it had reached this period and got ſomething like the ſhape of a drama, it attracted the curioſity of the villagers, who in reward for their amuſement in the ſpectacle decreed a prize to the performance agreeable to the object in view and the means of the ſpectators; this prize conſiſted of a caſk of wine, and the performance before named ſimply *Comœdia* or the *village-ſong*, was thenceforward called

Trugœdia, or the *ſong for the caſk*, compounded of τρύγα and ᾠδή.

Theſe names are deſcriptive of the drama in its progreſſive ſtages from a ſimple *village-ſong*, till it took a more complicated form by introducing the ſatyrs and employing the chorus in recitation through a whole fable, which had a kind of plot or conſtruction, though certainly not committed to writing. In this ſtage, and not before, the prize of *the caſk of wine* was given, and thence it proceeded to attract not the huſbandmen and labourers only but the neighbours of better degree. The drama under the deſignation of *Trugœdia* was ſatyric, and wholly occupied in the praiſe of Bacchus; it was unwritten, jocoſe, and confined to the villages at the ſeaſons of the *Trina Dionyſia*; but after a prize however inconſiderable had been given, that prize created emulation, and emulation ſtimulated genius.

The village bards now attempted to enlarge their walk, and not confining their ſpectacles merely to Bacchus and the Satyrs began to give their drama a ſerious caſt, diverting it from ludicrous and laſcivious ſubjects to grave and doleful ſtories, in celebration of illuſtrious characters amongſt their departed heroes; which were recited throughout by a chorus, without the

the intervention of any other characters than thoſe of the ſatyrs with the dances proper thereunto.

This ſpur to emulation having brought the drama a ſtep forward, that advance produced freſh encouragement, and a new prize was now given, which ſtill was, in conformity to the ruſtic ſimplicity of the poem and its audience, a *Goat*, τράγος, a new prize created a new name, and the ſerious drama became diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Tragœdia*, or *the ſong for the goat*: Thus it appears that *Tragedy*, properly ſo called, was poſterior in its origin to comedy; and it is worthy of remark that *Trugœdia* was never applied to the tragic drama, nor *Tragœdia* to the comic: After this comedy loſt its general deſignation of *Trugœdia*, and was called by its original name of *the village-ſong* or *Comœdia*.

The next ſtep was a very material one in point of advance, for the village-poets having been excited by emulation to bring their exhibitions into ſome ſhape and conſiſtence, meditated an excurſion from the villages into the cities, and particularly into Athens: Accordingly in Olymp. liv. *Suſarion*, a native of Icarius, preſented himſelf and his comedy at that capital, rehearſing it on a moveable ſtage or ſcaffold, preſuming on the hope that what had given ſuch

delight to the villagers would afford ſome amuſement to the more refined ſpectators in Athens: This was the firſt drama there exhibited, and we ſhould naturally expect that a compoſition to be acted before the citizens of the capital ſhould be committed to writing, if we did not know that the author was on theſe occaſions the actor of his own piece; the rude interludes of Bacchus and the Satyrs being introduced upon the ſcene according to their old extemporary manner by the *Sileni* and *Tityri*, whoſe ſongs and dances were epiſodical to the drama: It continued to be the cuſtom for authors to act their own plays in the times of Phrynichus and Æſchylus, and I therefore think it probable Suſarion's comedy was not a *written* drama; and I cloſe with the authorities for Epicharmus being the firſt *writer* of comedy, who, being retained in an elegant court at Syracuſe, chuſing his plots from the *Margites*, and rejecting the mummeries of the ſatyrs, would naturally compoſe his drama upon a more regular and elaborate plan.

N° XLIII.

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

THERE is an old gentleman of my acquaintance who annoys me exceedingly with his predictions: I have reaſon to believe he bears me good will in the main, and does not know to what a degree he actually diſturbs my peace of mind, I would therefore fain put up with his humour if I could; but when he is for ever ringing his knell in my ears, he ſometimes provokes me to retort upon him, oftentimes to laugh at him, and never fails to put me out of patience or out of ſpirits.

I have read your account of the *Dampers* with great fellow-feeling, and perceive that my old gentleman is very deep in that philoſophy; but as I unfortunately have very little philoſophy of any ſort to ſet againſt it, I find myſelf frequently at his mercy and without defence.

I do not think this proceeds ſo much from any radical vice in his nature, as from a fooliſh vanity to ſeem wiſer than his neighbours, and to put himſelf off for a man who knows the world: The fact is he is an old bachelor, lives in abſo-

lute retirement, and has ſcarcely ſtept out of the precincts of his own village three times in his life; yet he is ever telling me of his experience and his obſervations: If I was to put implicit faith in what he ſays, common honeſty in mankind would be a miracle, and happineſs a diſappointment; as for hope, that moonſhine diet as he calls it, which is ſo plentifully ſerved up in the fanciful repaſts of the poets, and which is too often the only ſtanding diſh at their tables, I ſhould never get a taſte of it; and yet if ruining a merchant's credit is tantamount to robbing him of his property, I muſt think the *Damper*, who blaſts my hope, is in fact little better than a thief.

I have a natural prejudice for certain people at firſt ſight, where a countenance impreſſes me in its favour, for I am apt to fancy that honeſty ſets a mark upon its owners; there is not a weakneſs incident to human nature, for which he could hold my underſtanding in more ſovereign contempt: If I was to be adviſed by him, I ſhould not truſt my wife out of my ſight, for it is a maxim with him, that no love-matches can be happy; mine was of that ſort and I am happy; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I was bound for a relation in public truſt ſome years ago; there I confeſs his augury ſometimes ſtaggered

gered me, and he urged me with proverbs out of holy writ, which I was rather puzzled to parry; my friend however has done well in the world, diſcharged his obligation, and repaid it with grateful returns; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I inveſted a ſmall ſum in a venture to the Eaſt Indies; he deſcanted upon the riſque of the ſea; I inſured upon the ſhip, he denounced bankruptcy againſt the underwriter, the ſhip came home and I doubled the capital of my inveſtment; ſtill I am out of credit with my *Damper*, and he ſhakes his head at my folly.

I can plainly perceive that his predictions oftentimes are as troubleſome to himſelf as to me; he loſes many a fine morning's walk by foreſeeing a change of weather; he never goes to church becauſe he has had a ſuit with the parſon; and part of his eſtate remains untenanted, becauſe a farmer ſome time ago broke in his debt.

Though I am no philoſopher, I am not ſuch a ſimpleton, as not to know how little we ought to depend upon worldly events in general; yet it appears to me that what a man has already enjoyed, he can no longer be ſaid to depend upon: If therefore I have had real pleaſure in any innocent and agreeable expectation, diſappointment can at worſt do no

more than remove the meat after I have made my meal.

Though I do not know how to define hope as a metaphyſician, I am inclined to ſpeak of it with reſpect, becauſe I find it has been a good friend to me in my life; it has given me a thouſand things, which malice and misfortune would have raviſhed from me, if I had not fairly worn them out before they could lay their fingers upon them: *Spe paſcit inani*—ſays the poet, and contradicts himſelf in the ſame breath; for my part, if it was not for the fear of appearing paradoxical, I ſhould ſay upon experience that hope, though called a ſhadow, is together with that other phantom death, the ſole reality beneath the ſun; the unfaithfulneſs of friends, from whom I had the claim of gratitude, can never rob me of thoſe pleaſures I enjoyed, when I ſerved them, loved them, and confided in them; and, in ſpite of all my friend the *Damper* can ſay to the contrary, it is not on my own account I am ſorry to have thought better of mankind than they deſerve.

I am, Sir, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

To

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

I have the honour to belong to a club of gentlemen of public ſpirit and talents, who make it a rule to meet every Sunday evening, in a houſe of entertainment behind St. Clement's, for the regulation of literature in this metropolis. Our fraternity conſiſts of two diſtinct orders, *The Dampers* and *The Puffers*; and each of theſe are again claſſed into certain interior ſubdiviſions. We take notice that both theſe deſcriptions of perſons have in turn been the objects of your feeble raillery; but I muſt fairly tell you, we neither think worſe of ourſelves nor any better of you for thoſe attempts. We conſider the republic of letters under obligations to us for its very exiſtence, for how could it be a republic, unleſs its members were kept upon an equality with each other? Now this is the very thing which our inſtitution profeſſes to do.

We have an ingenious member of our ſociety, who has invented a machine for this purpoſe, which anſwers to admiration: He calls it—*The Thermometer of Merit:* This machine he has ſet in a frame, and laid down a very accurate ſcale of gradations by the ſide of it: One glance of the eye gives every author's altitude to a minute.

The

The middle degree on this ſcale, and which anſwers to *temperate* on a common thermometer, is that ſtandard, or common level of merit, to which all contemporaries in the ſame free community ought to be confined; but as there will always be ſome eccentric beings in nature, who will either ſtart above ſtandard heighth, or drop below it; it is our duty by the operation of the daily *preſs* either to ſcrew them down, or to ſcrew them up, as the caſe requires; and this brings me to explain the uſes of the two grand departments of our fraternity: Authors above par fall to the province of the *Dampers*, all below par appertain to the *Puffers*. The daily preſs being common to all men, and both the one claſs and the other having open acceſs thereto, we can work either by *forcers* or *repellers*, as we ſee fit; and I can ſafely aſſure you our proceſs ſeldom fails in either caſe, when we apply it timely, and eſpecially to young poets in their *veal-bones*, as the ſaying is: With this view we are always upon terms with the conductors of the ſaid preſs, who are fully ſenſible of the beneſits of our inſtitution, and live with us in the mutual interchange of friendly offices, like Shakeſpear's Zephyrs——

" Stealing and giving odours.——

As

As we act upon none but principles of general juſtice, and hold it right that parts ſhould be made ſubſervient to the whole, our ſcheme of equalization requires, that accordingly as any individual riſes on the ſcale, our depreſſing powers ſhould counteract and balance his aſcending powers: This proceſs, as I ſaid before, belongs to the *Dampers'* office, and is by them termed *preſſing* an author, or more literally committing him to the *preſs*: This is laid on more or leſs forcibly, according to his degree of aſcenſion; in moſt caſes a few turns ſqueeze him down to his proper bearing, but this is always done with reaſonable allowance for the natural reaction of elaſtic bodies, ſo that it is neceſſary to bring him ſome degrees below ſtandard, leſt he ſhould mount above it when the *preſs* is taken off: If by chance his aſcending powers run him up to *ſultry* or *fever-heat*, the *Dampers* muſt proportion their diſcipline accordingly; in like manner the *Puffers* have to blow an author up by mere ſtrength of lungs, when he is heavy in ballaſt, and his ſinking powers fall below the *freezing-point*, as ſometimes happens even to our beſt friends: In that caſe the *Puffers* have *burſts of applauſe* and *peals of laughter* in petto, which, though they never reach vulgar ears, ſerve his purpoſe effectually—But theſe are ſecrets, which

we

we never reveal but to the *Initiated*, and I ſhall conclude by aſſuring you I am your's as you deſerve.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

N° XLIV.

Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quidquam ſimile aut ſecundum.
(HORAT.)

THERE is a great ſovereign now upon earth, who, though an infant, is the oldeſt of all ſouls alive by many centuries.

This extraordinary perſonage is a living evidence of the ſoul's immortality, or at leaſt has advanced ſo far in proof, as to convince the world by his own example, that it is not neceſſarily involved in the extinction of the body. Though he is the greateſt genealogiſt living, and can with certainty make out the longeſt and cleareſt pedigree of any potentate now reigning, yet he is properly ſpeaking without anceſtors. As I cannot doubt but that ſo ſtriking an event as the general deluge muſt be freſh in his memory, though a pretty many years have ſince elapſed,

elapſed, he muſt of neceſſity have been none other than Noah himſelf; for as he has always been his own ſon, and that ſon can never have been living at the ſame moment with his father, it is plain he muſt have been that very identical patriarch, when he ſurvived the flood.

As he was but eighteen months old according to his corporeal computation, when he was laſt viſited, he was not very communicative in converſation, but I have hope upon the next meeting he will have the goodneſs to ſet us right about Pythagoras, who I am perſuaded ſunk ſome part of his travels upon us, and was actually in his court, where he acted the part of a plagiary, and in the ſchool-boy's phraſe *cribb'd* a foul copy of his holineſs's tranſmigration; but with ſuch ſtrong marks of a counterfeit, that after a ſhort trip to the Trojan war, and a few others not worth relating, it is to be preſumed he has given up the frolic; for I do not hear that he is at preſent amongſt us, at leaſt not amongſt us of this kingdom, where to ſay the truth I do not ſee any thing that reſembles him. In the mean time the religious ſovereign of Tibet (for the reader perceives I have been ſpeaking of *Teéſhoo Lama)* in the ſpirit of an original keeps his ſeat upon the Muſnud of Terpâling, which

which throne he has continued to preſs ever ſince his deſcent from Mount Ararat.

After all we muſt acknowledge this was a bold creed for prieſtcraft to impoſe, but credulity has a wide ſwallow, and if the doctrine paſſed upon a nation ſo philoſophical and inquiſitive as the Greeks, it may well obtain unqueſtioned by Calmuc Tartars; and ſuperſtition, now retiring from Rome, may yet find refuge in the mountains of Tibet. This may be ſaid for the ſyſtem of Teéſhoo Lama, that impoſition cannot be put to a fairer teſt, than when committed to the ſimplicity of a child; and the *Gylongs*, or prieſts, attendant upon this extraordinary infant, paid no ſmall compliment to the faith of their followers, when they ſet him upon the Muſnud.

I forbear entering into a further account of this infant pontiff, becauſe I hope the very ingenious traveller, who has already circulated ſome curious particulars of his audiences and interviews at the monaſtery of Terpáling, will indulge the public with a more full and circumſtantial narrative of his very intereſting expedition into a country ſo little viſited by Europeans, and where the manners and habits of the people, no leſs than the ſacred character of the ſovereign, furniſh a ſubject of ſo new and entertaining a nature.

When

When a genius like that, which actuates the illuſtrious character, who lately adminiſtered the government of Bengal, is carried into the remoteſt regions of the earth, it diffuſes an illumination around it, which reaches even to thoſe nations, where arts and ſciences are in their higheſt cultivation; and we accordingly find that beſides this embaſſy, ſo curious of its kind, the ſame pervading ſpirit has penetrated into the ſacred and till now inacceſſible myſteries of the Brahmins, and by the attainment of a language which religion has interdicted from all others but the ſacerdotal caſt, has already began to lay open a volume, ſuperior in antiquity, and perhaps in merit not inferior, to Homer himſelf.

Happy inhabitants of Tibet! If happineſs can ariſe from error, your innocent illuſion muſt be the ſource of it; for prieſtcraft, which has plunged our portion of the globe in wars and perſecutions, has kept you in perpetual peace and tranquillity; ſo much more wiſe and ſalutary is your religious ſyſtem of pontifical identity, than ours of pontifical infallibility. The ſame unchangeable, indiviſible object of faith ſecures univerſal acquieſcence under the commodious impoſition: No Anti-Lama can diſtract your attention or divide your duty, for individuality is his eſſence; no councils can reverſe his de-

crees or over-rule his ſupremacy, for he is coeval with religion, nay he is religion itſelf. Such as he was in his præterient body, ſuch he muſt be in his preſent; the ſame monaſtic, peaceful, unoffending, pious being; a living idol, drawn forth upon occaſional ſolemnities to give his bleſſing to adoring proſtrate hordes of Tartars, and to receive their offerings; and whether this bleſſing be given by the hands of unreaſoning infancy, or ſuperannuated age, it matters little at which degree the moment points, when the ſcale is undeterminable. *You ſee me here* (ſaid the Lama in his præterient body to one of our countrymen, whom he admitted to a converſation) *a mere idol of ſtate: You are of a more active nation; take your wonted exerciſe without reſerve: Walk about my chamber: I am ſedentary by neceſſity, and the habit of indolence is become to me a ſecond nature.*—This is a true anecdote, and ſhews how mild a ſoul it is, which has now tranſmigrated into the body of this infant.

Could this extraordinary perſonage communicate his property to all his brother ſovereigns through the world, ſhould we, or ſhould we not, congratulate mankind upon the event? Let the nations ſpeak for themſelves! I anſwer for one, that cannot name a period in its monarchy more in favour of the diſpenſation.

N° XLV.

N° XLV.

Ω παῖ σιώπα. πόλλ' ἔχει σιγὴ καλά.

(SOPHOCLES, ALEASI.)

Hold thy tongue, good boy! There are many great advantages in keeping silence.

I HAVE now the satisfaction to inform my countrymen, that after long and diligent search I have at last discovered a very extraordinary person in this metropolis, at present in some obscurity; but if I shall luckily be the means of drawing him into more notice by publishing what has come to my knowledge of his talents and performances, I shall think myself happy not only in serving a meritorious individual, but also in furnishing a suggestion through the mode I shall recommend for his employ, that may be of the greatest benefit to society.

The gentleman, in whose favour I would fain interest my candid readers, is *Mr. Jedediah Fish*, of whose history I shall recount a few particulars. He was bred to the law, and many years ago went over to New England, where he practised in the courts at Boston: Upon the breaking out of the troubles he came over to England, tho'

from his prudent deportment he might ſafely have remained where he was, for Mr. Fiſh made it a rule never to lend any thing but an ear to either ſide of the queſtion: I cannot ſpeak with certainty as to his real motives for leaving America, as he has not been communicative on that head, but I could collect from hints he has dropt of the extraordinary length and protraction of the pleadings in thoſe provincial courts, that his health was a good deal impaired by his attendance upon cauſes, though I cannot diſcover that he was actually employed as an advocate in any. This may ſeem ſingular to ſuch as are unacquainted with thoſe proceedings, but Mr. Fiſh, though no pleader, was of indiſpenſable uſe to his clients during the ſomnolency of the court; for by means of his vigilance the efficient counſel could indulge themſelves in their natural reſt, and recruit their ſpirits for a reciprocal exertion of prolixity, when the oppoſite party had come to a concluſion: This happy faculty of wakefulneſs in Mr. Jedediah Fiſh was accompanied with the further very uſeful talent of abridgement, by which in a very few words he could convey into the ear of a pleader, when he had once thoroughly wakened him, the whole marrow of an argument, though it had been ſpread out ever ſo widely.

When

When he came over to his native country, he threw himſelf in the way of preferment, and regularly attended the ſittings at Weſtminſter, Guildhall, and elſewhere; but being a modeſt man, and one who made no acquaintance, he was no otherwiſe taken notice of, than as being the only perſon in court, who did not yawn, when a certain learned ſerjeant got beyond his uſual quota of caſes in point. Nothing offering here, Mr. Fiſh preſented himſelf during the ſitting of Parliament both at the bar of the Peers, and in the gallery of the Houſe of Commons; he gave great attention to the clerks, when they were reading Acts of Parliament in the upper houſe, and never quitted his poſt in the lower, when certain gentlemen were on their legs, and gave the ſignal to others to get on theirs and go to dinner: By being thus left alone this modeſt attendant loſt his labour, and remained unnoticed through a whole ſeſſion.

Defeated in all theſe efforts he began to frequent Coffee-houſes, where he obſerved moſt talking prevail, and few or no hearers to be found: Fortune now began to ſmile upon his patient endeavours, and he particularly recommended himſelf to a circle at Saint Paul's, where by his addreſs in poſting himſelf between two parties, one of which was very circumſtantially

explaining a will, and the other going ſtep by ſtep through a bill of encloſure, where the glebe lands of the rector were in great peril of infringement, he ſo contrived as to lend one ear to the divine and the other to the civilian, by which he got a dinner at each of their houſes; and as they found him a moſt agreeable companion, and one whoſe chearing ſmile enlivened their own converſation, he ſoon became free of their families under a ſtanding invitation.

It was in one of theſe houſes I firſt became acquainted with Mr. Fiſh, and as it ſeemed to me a great pity that a man poſſeſſed of ſuch companionable talents (for I can ſafely aver I had never heard the tone of his voice) ſhould be any longer buried in obſcurity, or at beſt confined to a narrow circle of admirers, I began to reflect within myſelf what amazing improvements ſociety might receive, if he could be induced to ſtand forth in the public character of *A Maſter of Silence*, or in other words *A Teacher of the Art of Hearing*.

As I knew my friend was not a man to ſpeak for himſelf, I took a convenient occaſion one day of breaking my propoſal to him, which I introduced by ſaying I had ſomething to diſcloſe to him, which I conceived would not only be of public benefit, but might alſo be turned to his particular

particular emolument and advantage. He paused some time and seemed to expect when I would proceed to explain myself; but being at last convinced that I was really waiting for his consent, he opened his lips for the first time, and in a very soft agreeable tone of voice delivered himself as follows—"*Say on!*"—The conversation being now fairly on foot, I said that experience must have convinced him how great a scarcity of hearers there were in this metropolis, at the same time what great request they were in, and how much conversation and society were at a loss for a proper proportion of them: That where one man now made his fortune by his tongue, hundreds might in less time establish their's by a prudent use of their ears: That a desire of *shining* in company was now become so general, that there was no body left to shine upon: That no way could be so sure of providing for younger sons and people of small fortunes, as to qualify them well in *the art of hearing*; but by a fatal neglect in our system of education, and the loquacity of nurses and servants, no attention was paid to this useful accomplishment: I observed to him that our parsons were in some degree in the fault by shortening their sermons and quickening their prayers, whereas in times past, when homilies were in use, and the preacher turned

the hour-glaſs twice or thrice before his diſcourſe was wound up, the world was in better habits of hearing: That in Oliver's days the grace was oftentimes as long as the meal, now they ſate down without any grace at all, and talked without ceaſing: That the diſcontinuance of ſmoking tobacco contributed much to put hearing out of faſhion, and that a club of people now was like a pack of hounds in full cry, where all puppies open at the ſame time, whether they have got the ſcent or not: In concluſion I demanded of him if he agreed with me in theſe obſervations, or not: He again took ſome time to conſider and very civilly replied—"*I do.*"—'If you do agree with me,' rejoined I, 'in acknowledging the complaint, tell me if you will 'concur in promoting the cure.' He nodded aſſent, 'And who is ſo fit as Mr. Jedediah Fiſh,' added I, 'to teach that art to others, which he 'poſſeſſes in ſuch perfection himſelf? It ſhall be 'my buſineſs to ſeek out for ſcholars, your's to 'inſtruct them, and I don't deſpair of your 'eſtabliſhing an Academy of Silence in as gene'ral repute as the ſchool of Pythagoras.'

This inſtitution is now fairly on foot, and ſchool is opened in Magpye-Court, Cheapſide, N° 4, name on the door, where the profeſſor is to be ſpoken to by all perſons wanting his advice

and inſtructions. The remarkable ſucceſs, which has already attended Mr. Jedediah Fiſh, would warrant my laying before the public ſome extraordinary cures, but theſe I ſhall poſtpone to ſome future opportunity, and conclude with a paſſage from Horace, which ſhews that ingenious poet, though perhaps he had as much to ſay for himſelf as moſt of our modern prattlers, was nevertheleſs a perfect adept in the art, which it has been the labour of this paper to recommend.

Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cæpit habere ſuorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota eſt? Threx eſt Gallina Syro par:
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimoſâ bene deponuntur in aure.

'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bade me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?",
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country ſigns;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"

Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes inter nos
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

SWIFT.

N° XLVI.

A NOVEL, conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a series of events in familiar life, in which no episodical story is interwoven, is in effect a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The same natural display of character, the same facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are essential to each composition. Novels of this description are not of many years standing in England, and seem to have succeeded after some interval to romance, which to say no worse of it is a most unnatural and monstrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle species; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim and the French have the credit of, is a series of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and Don

Quixote abound in epiſodical ſtories, which ſeparately taken are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the faſhion of novel-writing, upon different plans indeed, but each with a degree of ſucceſs, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardſon diſpoſed his fable into letters, and Fielding purſued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception however of certain miſcellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book in the nature of a prologue, in which the author ſpeaks in perſon: He has executed this ſo pleaſantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in his inſtance; but I ſhould doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wiſe to follow him.

I ſhould have obſerved, that modern noveliſts have not confined themſelves to comic fables or ſuch only as have happy endings, but ſometimes, as in the inſtance of *The Clariſſa*, wind up their ſtory with a tragical cataſtrophe; to ſubjects of this ſort perhaps the epiſtolary mode of writing may be beſt adapted, at leaſt it ſeems to give a more natural ſcope to pathetic deſcriptions; but there can be no doubt that fables replete with humorous ſituations, characteriſtic dialogue and buſy plot are better ſuited to the mode, which

which Fielding has purſued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, univerſally allowed the moſt perfect work of its ſort in ours, or probably any other, language.

There is ſomething ſo attractive to readers of all deſcriptions in theſe books, and they have been ſought with ſuch general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced, and the ſcheme of circulating libraries lately eſtabliſhed, which theſe very publications ſeem to have ſuggeſted, having ſpread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the amuſing ſtudy of every rank and deſcription of people in England.

Young minds are ſo apt to be tinctured by what they read, that it ſhould be the duty of every perſon, who has the charge of education, to make a proper choice of books for thoſe who are under their care; and this is particularly neceſſary in reſpect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domeſtic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themſelves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly ſtrike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addreſſed to the paſſions than many of theſe novel heroines. I would not be underſtood to accuſe our modern writers of immoral deſigns; very

very few I believe can be found of that deſcription; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think ſome amongſt them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and falſe character by ſtories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature; and the more intereſting ſuch ſtories are, the greater will be their influence: In this light a novel heroine, though deſcribed without a fault, yet, if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel, which of all others is formed upon the moſt ſtudied plan of morality, is *Clariſſa*, and few young women I believe are put under reſtriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curioſity with a peruſal of this author; guided by the beſt intentions, and conſcious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he has taken all poſſible pains to weave into his ſtory incidents of ſuch a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a ſtrong and laſting impreſſion on the youthful heart. The unmerited ſufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity; the unnatural obduracy of her parents; the infernal arts of the wretch, who violates her, and the ſad cataſtrophe of her death,

death, are incidents in this affecting ſtory better conceived than executed: Failing in this moſt eſſential point, as a picture of human nature, I muſt regard the novel of Clariſſa as one of the books, which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can ſay from obſervation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters aſſumed by ſentimental Miſſes in the vain deſire of being thought *Clariſſa Harlows*, than from any other ſource of imitation whatſoever: I ſuſpect that it has given food to the idle paſſion for thoſe eternal ſcribblings, which paſs between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inſcription for the plate of her own coffin, and forſwore all mankind at the age of ſixteen. As to the characters of Lovelace, of the heroine herſelf, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. What Clariſſa is made to do, and what ſhe is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers, who may oppoſe the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this ſtory, nor will thoſe daughters be diſpoſed to think the worſe of their own rights, or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which theſe unnatural characters are painted.

painted. It will avail little to ſay, that Clariſſa's miſeries are derivable from the falſe ſtep of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became neceſſary to avoid compulſion. To ſpeak with more preciſion my opinion in the caſe, I think Clariſſa dangerous only to ſuch young perſons, whoſe characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural ſuſceptibility may be prone to imitation, and likely to be turned aſide into errors of affectation. In ſuch hands, I think a book, ſo addreſſed to the paſſions, and wire-drawn into ſuch prolixity, is not calculated to form either natural manners or natural ſtile; nor would I have them learn of Clariſſa to write long pedantic letters *on their bended knees*, and beg *to kiſs the hem of their ever-honoured Mamma's garment*, any more than I would wiſh them to ſpurn at the addreſſes of a worthy lover with the pert inſult of a *Miſs How*.

The natural temper and talents of our children ſhould point out to our obſervation and judgment the particular mode, in which they ought to be trained: The little tales told to them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being ſoftened by pathetic

thetic and affecting ſtories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl aſſumes the pathos of Clariſſa without experiencing the ſame afflictions, or being put to the ſame trials, the reſult will be a moſt inſufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever errors there may be in our preſent ſyſtem of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary perhaps they will be found to conſiſt in over-diligence and too great ſolicitude for accompliſhment; the diſtribution of a young lady's hours is an analyſis of all the arts and ſciences; ſhe ſhall be a philoſopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and a muſician at night; ſhe ſhall ſing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of maſters diſtract the attention and overwhelm the genius; and thus an indiſcriminate zeal in the parent ſtops the cultivation and improvement of thoſe particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents, who thus preſs the education of their children, fall into miſtakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is without excuſe, who, immerſed in diſſipation, delegate to a hireling the moſt ſacred and moſt natural of all duties: To theſe unprofitable and inconſiderate

inconſiderate beings I ſhall not ſpeak in plain proſe, but will deſire them to give the following little poem a peruſal.

DORINDA and her ſpouſe were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony not in mind,
A faſhionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,
The ſmarteſt vis-a-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wiſh'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; ſhe'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain——but ah! the curſe,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noiſe——
"Go, take 'em to the nurſe!—"

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear Ma'amſelle's prodigious care;
Miſs gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Maſter learns to ſwear.

"Sweet innocents!" the ſervants cry,
"So natural he and ſhe ſo wild:
"Laud, Nurſe, do humour 'em—for why?
"'Twere ſin to ſnub a child."

Time

Time runs—" My God!"—Dorinda cries,
" How monſtrouſly the girl is grown!
" She has more meaning in her eyes
" Than half the girls in town."

Now teachers throng; Miſs dances, ſings,
Learns every art beneath the ſun,
Scrawls, ſcribbles, does a thouſand things
Without a taſte for one.

Lapdogs and parrots paints, Good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joſhua jealous,
Writes rebuſſes, and has her clack
Of ſmall-talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for faſhions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, paſſions,
And dictates in virtú.

Ma'amſelle to Miſs's hand conveys
A billet-doux; ſhe's tres commode,
The Dancing-maſter's in the chaiſe,
They ſcower the northern road.

Away to Scottiſh land they poſt,
Miſs there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolick over, to her coſt
Miſs is a wretch for life.

Maſter meanwhile advances faſt
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a ſchool-boy's heedleſs haſte,
Rattles the deſperate dice.

Travels

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the ſchools
Of Rouſſeau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the dernier goût
Of Bruſſels-point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique ſtatues vampt anew,
And buſts without a noſe.

Then hey! at diſſipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the ſtale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pockets City-Madam's pence,
And doubles all his betts.

He drains his ſtewards, racks his farms,
Annuitizes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levée ſwarms
With ſwindlers and with Jews.

The guinea loſt that was his laſt,
Deſperate at length the maniac cries—
"This thro' my brain!"—'tis done; 'tis paſt;
He fires—he falls—he dies!

N° XLVII.

Γάμος κράτιστός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ σώφρονι
Τρόπον γυναικὸς χρηστὸν ἔνδον λαμβάνει.
HIPPONAX.

To a wife husband, when poſſeſſing
A virtuous wife, wedlock's a bleſſing.

THOUGH I do not like paradoxes, and can readily acknowledge the reſpect due to general opinions, yet I am bold to aver to the face of all thoſe fine gentlemen, who, if they think as they act, will laugh me to ſcorn for the notion, that marriage is a meaſure of ſome conſequence. I do not mean to ſay that it is neceſſary, in the choice of a wife, that ſhe ſhould be of any particular ſtature or complexion, brown or fair, tall or ſhort; neither do I think a man of family need abſolutely to inſiſt upon as many clear deſcents, as would ſatisfy a German Count, before he quarters arms with a lady; nor do I article for fortune, or connection, or any other worldly recommendation as indiſpenſable; ſatisfied only if it will be granted to me that the parties ought not to unite without ſome mutual explanation, ſome previous underſtanding of each

each other's temper, and ſome reaſonable ground of belief, that the contract they are about to enter into for life is likely to hold good to the end of the term, for which it is made.

I am not ſo ignorant of the world as not to know how many ſpecious reaſons may be given on the other ſide of the queſtion; and being ſenſible I have a hard point to drive, I am willing to conciliate my opponents by all reaſonable conceſſions.

Lord Faro married to pay off a mortgage, that encumbered his eſtate, and to diſcharge certain debts of honour, that encumbered his mind ſtill more: His match therefore was a match of principle; and though a run of bad luck defeated his good intentions towards his creditors, and though the vulgar manners of his lady ſmelt ſo ſtrong of the city, that ſhe became inſupportable, yet all the world allowed that the meaſure was judicious, juſtifiable, and in his lordſhip's ſituation indiſpenſable.

Lady Bab Pettiſh married *Colonel Spectre* becauſe he haunted her in all aſſemblies, was for ever at her back in the Opera-houſe, glided into the church when ſhe was at her devotions, and declared in all companies that he was determined to have her. Lady Bab married to be revenged

of him; nobody denied but ſhe took the right method, and all the world allowed that ſhe had her revenge: The colonel is literally a *ſpectre* at this moment.

Sir Harry Bluſter and *Miſs Hornet* were firſt couſins, and though brought up together in the ſame houſe like brother and ſiſter, ſquabbled and fought like dog and cat: Sir Harry's face bore the marks of her nails, and Miſs's head-dreſs was the frequent victim of his fury: This young pair made a match in the laudable expectation of a better agreement after wedlock: All the world applauded their motives, and the event fully anſwered their expectation—for they parted *by conſent*.

Old *Lady Lucy Lumbago* was told by a fortune-teller that ſhe ſhould die a maid: When ſhe was at leaſt ſixty years in advance towards fulfilling the prediction, ſhe drew a piece of wedding cake through a bride's gold ring, and dreamt of her own footman: She married him the next week to thwart the Deſtinies: The footman went off with her ſtrong-box, and left her behind to compleat the prophecy.

Lord Calomel had a plentiful eſtate and a very ſcanty conſtitution, but he had two reaſons for marrying, which all the world gave him credit for; the firſt was to get an heir, which he wanted,

ed, and the second was to get rid of a mistress he was tired of: He made his choice of *Miss Frolick*, and every body allowed the odds were in his favour for an heir: The lady brought him a full-grown boy at five months end; his lordship drove his wife out of his house and reinstated his mistress.

Jack Fanciful had a blind-side towards a fine eyebrow. It was his humour, and he had a right to please himself: *Signora Falsetta* struck an arrow to his heart from a pair of full-drawn bows, that would have done honour to Cleopatra herself, whose stage representative the Signora then was: Jack made overtures of a certain sort, which her majesty repulsed with the dignity that became her; in short, the virtue of Cleopatra was impregnable, or at least it was plain she was not *every body's Cleopatra*. What could Jack do? It was impossible to give up the eyebrows, and it was no less impossible to have them upon any terms, but terms of honour. Jack married her: It was his humour, and all the world allowed he was in the right to indulge it: The happy knot was tied; Jack flew with lips of ardour to his lovely Cleopatra; the faithless eyebrow deserted from the naked forehead of its owner, and (O sad exchange!) took post upon Jack's chin.

These, and many more than these, may be

called cafes in point, and brought to prove that matrimony is a mere whim, a caprice of the moment, and by people who know the world treated with fuitable indifference; but ftill I muft hope that fuch of my readers at leaft, who do not know the world, or know perhaps juft fo much of it as not to wifh for a more intimate familiarity with its fafhions, will think this fame bargain for life a bargain of fome conſequence.

The court of Catherine of Medicis, but more particularly that of Anne of Auftria, brought the characters of women into much greater conſequence and diſplay, than had before been allowed to them: The female genius called forth from its obſcurity ſoon aſſumed its natural prerogatives: A woman's wit was found the fineſt engine to cut the knot of intricacy, or if poſſible to diſentangle it: The ladies in that famous regency were no leſs fitted to direct a council than to adorn a court: The enlightened ſtate of preſent times, and the refinement of modern manners, have happily diſcovered, that in the proper intercourſe of the ſexes are centered all the charms of ſociety; it ſeems as if a new world had been found out within the limits of the old one: Aſſociated as we now are, we are left without excuſe when we miſtake

their

their characters, or betray them into unſuitable connections by diſguiſing our own: Every unmarried man has time enough to look about him, and opportunities enough for the fulleſt information: It can be nothing therefore but the miſguiding impulſe of ſome ſordid and unworthy paſſion, that can be the moving cauſe of ſo many unhappy matches. I will never believe, in the corruption of the preſent times, though there are as many bills of divorce as bills of encloſure, but that the huſband, I will not ſay in every, but in almoſt every, caſe is in the firſt fault. It were an eaſy thing to point out a thouſand particulars amongſt the reigning habits of high life, which ſeem as if invented by the very demon of ſeduction for his own infernal purpoſes: There is not one of all theſe habits, which a wiſe man can fail to deſpiſe, or an honeſt man neglect to reform; no plan ſo eaſy as the prevention of them; no ſyſtem ſo abſurd, ſo undignified, ſo deſtructive of all the pleaſures of life, as the ſyſtem of diſſipation.

Look at a man of this ſort! He has not even the credit of being a voluptuary; there is not one feature of pleaſure in his face; all is languor, *nonchalance* and *ennui*. (I help out my deſcription with French, for, thank Heaven! we have yet no words in our language to expreſs

it.) The travels of ſuch a man in the purlieus only of St. James's-ſtreet and Pall Mall would ſuffice to have carried him round the pyramids of Egypt: He might have viſited the ruins of Herculaneum in half the number of paces that he ſpends in ſauntering up to Rotten-row: He poſts from town to country as if the fate of Europe depended on his diſpatch; he reconnoitres the heels of ſome favorite hunter and returns with the ſame expedition to town; you would think that life or death depended on his ſpeed, and you would not be much out in the gueſs, for he has juſt killed ſo much time and perhaps a poſt-horſe or two into the bargain. Are we to ſuppoſe there is no emulation in the ladies?

Is it not poſſible to employ the revenue of a great eſtate in a more agreeable manner? For I am now ſpeaking of riches in no other light, but as the means of procuring pleaſures to their owner. May not every hour of life preſent ſome new or agreeable occupation to a man who is poſſeſſed of a large fortune and knows how to uſe it? I need not point out the endleſs ſource of delightful employment, which a well-projected ſyſtem of improvement muſt furniſh to the man of landed property: This nation abounds in artiſts of all deſcriptions; gardening,

planting,

planting, architecture, muſic, painting, the whole circle of arts are open to his uſe and ſervice; wherever his taſte or humour points, there are profeſſors in every department of the higheſt talents: He may ſeat himſelf in a paradiſe of his own creating, and collect a ſociety to participate with him worthy the enjoyment of it: The capital might then be his viſiting and not his abiding-place; his deareſt friend and the companion of his happieſt hours might be his wife; the duties of a parent might open freſh ſources of delight, and I, who profeſs myſelf to be an *Obſerver* and a friend of mankind, might contemplate his happineſs, and cry out with the vanity of an author —*There is one convert to my ſyſtem!*

Vivite concordes, et noſtrum diſcite munus!
CLAUDIAN.

N° XLVIII.

IN the plan, which I have laid down for treating of the literature of the Greeks, and to which I have devoted part of theſe papers, I have thought it adviſeable for the ſake of perſpicuity to preface the account with an abſtract

of the Athenian hiſtory within thoſe ſeparate periods, which I mean to review. In conformity to this plan I have already brought down my narration to the death of Piſiſtratus, and this has been followed with a ſtate of the drama at that period: I now propoſe to proceed with the hiſtory to the battle of Marathon incluſive, beyond which I ſhall have no occaſion to follow it, and ſhall then reſume my account of the literature of the Greeks, which will comprehend all the dramatic authors, both tragic and comic, to the death of Menander.

At the deceaſe of Piſiſtratus the government of Athens devolved quietly upon Hipparchus, who aſſociated his brother Hippias with him in power. Piſiſtratus had two other ſons by a ſecond wife, who were named Jophon and Theſſalus; the elder died in his father's life time, and the other, who was of a turbulent and unruly ſpirit, did not long ſurvive him.

Hipparchus was no leſs devoted to ſcience and the liberal arts than his father had been: The famous Phæa, who had perſonated Minerva, ſhared his throne, and though he communicated with his brother Hippias on matters of government, and imparted to him ſo great a portion of authority, that they were jointly ſtiled Tyrants of Athens, yet it ſeems evident that the ſupreme

ſupreme power was actually veſted in Hipparchus; and it is extraordinary, for the ſpace of fourteen years until his death, his government was undiſturbed by any diſagreement with his brother or complaint from his ſubjects.

The moſt virtuous citizens of Athens, in the freeſt hours of their republic, look back upon this reign as the moſt enviable period in their hiſtory. Plato himſelf aſſerts that all the fabulous felicity of the golden reign of Saturn was realized under this of Hipparchus: Thucydides gives the ſame teſtimony, and ſays that his government was adminiſtered without envy or reproach: The tradition of the golden days of Hipparchus was delivered down through many generations, and became proverbial with the Athenians. A prince, who had deſerved ſo well of letters, was not likely to be forgotten by poets, hiſtorians, or philoſophers; but ſuch was the public tranquillity under his adminiſtration, that the patriots and declaimers for freedom in the moſt popular times have not ſcrupled to acknowledge and applaud it.

Hipparchus not only augmented the collection of books in the public library, but engaged ſeveral eminent authors to reſide at Athens: He took Simonides of Ceos into his pay at a very high ſtipend, and ſent a fifty-oared galley for Anacreon

Anacreon to Teos, inviting him with many princely gifts to live at his court: He cauſed the poems of Homer to be publicly recited at the great aſſembly of the Panathenæa, and is generally ſuppoſed to have ſuggeſted the plan of collecting the ſcattered rhapſodies of the Iliad and Odyſſey, ſo happily executed by his father. His private hours he devoted to the ſociety of men of letters, and on theſe occaſions was accompanied by Simonides the lyric poet, Onomacritus, Anacreon and others. He did not confine his attention to the capital of his empire, but took a method, well adapted to the times he lived in, of reforming the underſtandings of his more diſtant and leſs enlightened ſubjects in the villages, by erecting in conſpicuous parts of their ſtreets or market-places ſtatues of the god Mercury, placed upon terms or pedeſtals, on which he cauſed to be inſcribed ſome brief ſentence or maxim, ſuch as—*Know thyſelf*—*Love juſtice*—*Be faithful to thy friend*—and others of the like general utility.

It is not eaſy to deviſe a project better calculated for the edification of an ignorant people than theſe ſhort but comprehenſive ſentences, ſo eaſy to be retained in the memory, and which, being recommended both by royal and divine

authority,

authority, claimed univerſal attention and reſpect.

This excellent and moſt amiable prince was aſſaſſinated by Harmodius and Ariſtogiton, and a revolution being in the end effected favourable to the popular government of Athens, the aſſaſſins were celebrated to all poſterity as the aſſerters of liberty and the deliverers of their country. Of all the rulers of mankind, who have fallen by the hand of violence, how few have been ſacrificed in the public ſpirit of juſtice, and how many have fallen by the private ſtab of revenge! When we contemplate the elder Brutus brandiſhing the dagger of Lucretia, we cannot help recollecting that Tarquinius Superbus had murdered his brother. Hipparchus is ſaid to have put an affront upon Harmodius's ſiſter by diſmiſſing her from a religious proceſſion, in which ſhe was walking at the feſtival of the Panathenæa: Harmodius was the handſomeſt youth in Attica, and the prince is by the ſame account charged with having conceived an unnatural paſſion for him, in which he was repulſed. If this account were to be credited in the whole, it would be an incident of ſo unmanly a ſort on the part of Hipparchus, as to leave an everlaſting mark of diſgrace upon a character, otherwiſe meritorious.

The

The general prevalence of a turpitude, which neither the religion nor the laws of Greece actually prohibited, may induce our belief of the charge againſt Hipparchus, as far as concerns Harmodius; but the ſuppoſed inſult to the ſiſter is irreconcileable to his character. It were far more natural to ſuppoſe his reſentment ſhould have been pointed againſt Ariſtogiton, who was the favorite of Harmodius; ſuch circumſtances as we have now related would have carried their own confutation upon the face of them, even though hiſtorians had not greatly varied in their accounts of the tranſaction; but when ſo reſpectable an author as Plato gives the narrative a turn entirely oppoſite to the above, whilſt modern hiſtorians have only retailed vulgar errors without examining teſtimonies of better credit, I hope I may be allowed the equitable office of ſumming up the evidences in this myſterious tranſaction, for the purpoſe of reſcuing a moſt amiable character from miſrepreſentation.

Plato in his Hipparchus ſays—*That the current account above given was not the account believed and adopted by people of the beſt condition and repute; that the inſult vulgarly ſuppoſed to have been put upon the ſiſter of Harmodius by Hipparchus was ridiculous and incredible upon the face of it; that Harmodius was the diſciple of Ariſtogiton, a*

man

man of ordinary rank and condition; that there was a mutual affection between the pupil and his master; that they had admitted into their society a young Athenian of distinction, whose name had escaped his memory, of whom they were very fond, and whom they had by their conversation and instructions impressed with high ideas of their talents and erudition; that this young Athenian having found access to the person of Hipparchus, attached himself to his society and began to fall off from his respect for his former preceptors, and even treated their inferiority of understanding with contempt and ridicule; that thereupon they conceived such hatred and resentment against the prince for this preference shewn by their pupil for his company, and for the method he had taken of mortifying their vanity, that they determined upon dispatching Hipparchus by assassination, which they accordingly effected.

Justin gives a different account and says—*That the affront was put upon the sister of Harmodius not by Hipparchus but by his brother Diocles; that Harmodius with his friend Aristogiton entered into a conspiracy for cutting off all the reigning family at once, and pitched upon the festival of the Panathenæa as a convenient time for the execution of their plot, the citizens being then allowed to wear arms; that the complete execution of their design was frustrated by one of their party being observed in*

earneſt diſcourſe with Hippias, which occaſioned them to ſuſpect a diſcovery, and ſo precipitated their attack before they were ready; that in this attack however they chanced upon Hipparchus, and put him to death.

There are other accounts ſtill differing from theſe, but they have no colour of probability, and only prove an uncertainty in the general ſtory.

Plutarch relates—*That Venus appeared to Hipparchus before his aſſaſſination in a dream, and from a phial, which ſhe held in her hand, ſprinkled his face with drops of blood.* Herodotus alſo ſays—*That he was warned by a viſion on the eve of his murder, being addreſſed in ſleep by a man of extraordinary ſtature and beauty, in verſes of an enigmatical import, which he had thoughts of conſulting the interpreters upon next morning, but afterwards paſſed it off with contempt as a vapour of the imagination, and fell a ſacrifice to his incredulity.*

This at leaſt is certain, that he governed the capricious inhabitants of Attica with ſuch perfect temper and diſcretion, that their tranquillity was without interruption; nor does it appear that the people, who were erecting ſtatues and trophies to his murderers, in commemoration of the glorious re-eſtabliſhment of their freedom, could charge him with one ſingle act of oppreſ-

ſion;

ſion; and perhaps if Hippias, who ſurvived him, had not galled them with the yoke of his tyranny during the few years he ruled in Athens after the death of Hipparchus, the public would not have joined in ſtiling thoſe aſſaſſins the deliverers of their country, who were known to be guided by no other motives than private malice and reſentment.

Harmodius was killed on the ſpot; Ariſtogiton fled and was ſeized in his flight. The part, which Hippias had now to act, was delicate in the extreme; he was either to puniſh with ſuch rigour, as might ſecure his authority by terror, or endear himſelf to the people by the virtue of forbearance: He had the experience of a long adminiſtration conducted by his brother on the mildeſt and moſt merciful principles; and, if theſe aſſaſſins had been without accomplices, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe he would not have reverſed a ſyſtem of government, which had been found ſo ſucceſsful; but as it appeared that Harmodius and Ariſtogiton were joined by others in their plot, he thought the Athenians were no longer to be ruled by gentle means, and that no other alternative remained, but to reſign his power, or enforce it with rigour.

N° XLIX.

HIPPIAS began his meaſures by putting Ariſtogiton to the torture; he ſeized the perſon of Leæna a courtezan, who was in the ſecret of the conſpiracy, but whilſt he was attempting to force her to a confeſſion, ſhe took the reſolute method of preventing it by biting off her tongue. Ariſtogiton with revengeful cunning impeached ſeveral courtiers and intimates of the tyrant. Athens now became a ſcene of blood; executions were multiplied, and many principal citizens ſuffered death, till the informer having ſatiated his vengeance upon all, who were obnoxious to him or friendly to Hippias, at length told the tyrant that he had been made the dupe of falſe accuſations, and triumphed in the remorſe that his confeſſion occaſioned: Some accounts add that he deſired to whiſper to Hippias, and in the act ſuddenly ſeized his ear with his teeth, and tore it from his head.

Hippias henceforward became a tyrant in the worſt ſenſe of the word; he racked the people with taxes, ordered all the current coin into the royal coffers upon pretence of its debaſement, and for the period of three years continued to oppreſs

oppreſs the ſtate by many grievous methods of exaction and miſrule. His expulſion and eſcape at length ſet Athens free, and then it was that the Athenians began to celebrate the action of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton with rapture and applauſe; from this period they were regarded as the ſaviours of their country; a public edict was put forth, directing that no ſlave, or perſon of ſervile condition, ſhould in future bear the names of theſe illuſtrious citizens; aſſignments were made upon the Prytaneum for the maintenance of their deſcendants, and order was given to the magiſtrate ſtiled Polemarchus to ſuperintend the iſſue of the public bounty; their poſterity were to rank in all public ſpectacles and proceſſions as the firſt members of the ſtate, and it was delivered in charge to the ſuperintendants of the Panathenæa, that Harmodius and Ariſtogiton ſhould be celebrated in the recitations chaunted on that ſolemnity. There was a popular ode or ſong compoſed for this occaſion, which was conſtantly performed on that feſtival, and is ſuppoſed to have been written by Calliſtratus: It grew ſo great a favourite with the Athenians, that it became a general faſhion to ſing it at their private entertainments; ſome fragments of the comic poets are found to allude to it, and ſome paſſages in the plays of Ariſto-

phanes. It is a relick of ſo curious a ſort, that, contrary to the practice I ſhall uſually obſerve, I ſhall here inſert it in the original with a tranſlation.

Φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδιε, ἔπω τέθνηκας·
Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέφασιν εἶναι,
Ἵναπερ ποδώκης Ἀχιλλέυς,
Τυδείδην τέ φασι τὸν ἐσθλὸν Διομήδεα·

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τό ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις
Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἱππάρχον ἐκταινέτην·

Ἀὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν
Φίλταθ' Ἁρμόδιε καὶ Ἀριστόγειτον,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κταινέτην,
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

He is not dead, our beſt belov'd
Harmodius is not loſt,
But with Troy's conquerors remov'd
To ſome more happy coaſt.

Bind then the myrtle's myſtic bough,
And wave your ſwords around,
For ſo they ſtruck the tyrant low,
And ſo their ſwords were bound.

Perpetual

Perpetual objects of our love
The patriot pair shall be,
Who in Minerva's sacred grove
Struck and set Athens free.

The four last lines of this ode are quoted by Athenæus, and I also find amongst the adulatory verses made in commemoration of these illustrious tyrannicides a distich written by Simonides of Ceos, congratulating with the Athenians on their delivery from the tyranny of Hipparchus: This poet is made famous to posterity for his memory, which was almost miraculous; it is to be lamented that it should fail to remind him of such a patron and benefactor. The lines are not worth translating; the author and the subject reflect no honour upon each other.

The first statues, which the Athenian artists ever cast in metal, were the brazen statues erected in honour of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in the first year of Olymp. lxviii. thirteen years after the murder of Hipparchus, when Isagoras was archon, and the memorable æra of Rome, when Tarquinius Superbus was dethroned and expelled: They were conspicuously placed in the forum of Athens, and it was a curious event, after the revolution of five centuries, that the statue of the younger Brutus, when he had killed Cæsar, was placed between these very statues,

erected in the year when his anceſtor expelled the Tarquins: They were the workmanſhip of Antenor; and Xerxes, when he plundered Athens, removed them out of Greece from other motives probably than of reſpect to their intrinſic merit: They were in ſucceeding time reſtored to the city, but whether by Alexander after his defeat of Darius, by Antiochus, or by the munificence of Seleucus, authorities are not agreed; I am inclined to think they were given back by Seleucus. There were two others of the ſame materials afterwards caſt by Critias, and again two others, the workmanſhip of the celebrated Praxiteles. Pliny ſays theſe laſt-mentioned ſtatues were of conſummate beauty and excellence, and there is reaſon to think they were the firſt performances of that great maſter in metal. The honour of a ſtatue in braſs was rarely decreed by the Athenians to any of their moſt illuſtrious citizens, and few other inſtances occur, except one to Solon, and one to Conon for his ſervices againſt the Lacedæmonians. The expedient made uſe of to perpetuate the heroic conſtancy of Leæna was ingenious, for as it was not fitting to erect a public ſtatue to a courtezan, they deviſed the figure of a lioneſs in alluſion to her name, which they caſt in braſs, and without a tongue in memory of the reſolute method

method ſhe had taken to prevent confeſſion; this figure was placed in the porch of the citadel, where it kept its ſtation for many generations.

Piſiſtratus and his ſons maintained their uſurpation during a period of ſixty-eight years, including thoſe of Piſiſtratus's ſeceſſions from Athens: Had Hippias ſhared the fate of his brother, their annals would have been unſtained by any other act of violence or injuſtice, except that of reviving a regal authority, which by gradual revolutions had been finally aboliſhed. The meaſures of Hippias during the time he reigned alone, which ſcarce exceeded three years, blaſted the merits of his predeceſſors, and embittered the minds of the Athenians againſt his family to the lateſt poſterity.

Cliſthenes and Iſagoras, two rich and leading citizens, finding themſelves unſafe under his government, left Athens and took ſhelter amongſt the Phocians. They were in fact no leſs ambitious than himſelf, turbulent partiſans, and tho' they proved the inſtruments of extricating their country from his tyranny, they were no more actuated by a pure love of liberty, as a general principle, than Harmodius and his accomplice were, when they aſſaſſinated Hipparchus.

The ſtate of Lacedæmon both in point of re-

ſource and of its alliances, was at this time in condition to aſſume a leading ſhare in the affairs of Greece, and it was the firſt object of Cliſthenes and Iſagoras to engage the Lacedæmonians in their party for the emancipation of Athens; to carry this point with a people, ſo jealous of the Athenian greatneſs, required ſome engine of perſuaſion more powerful than philanthropy or the dictates of common juſtice; the Temple of Delphi opened a reſource to them, and by a ſeaſonable bribe to the Pythia they engaged her to give ſuch reſponſes to her Lacedæmonian clients on all occaſions, as ſhould work upon their ſuperſtition to accord to their wiſhes.

The plot ſucceeded, and an expedition was ſet on foot for the expulſion of Hippias, ſanctified by the authority of Apollo, but it miſcarried; the effort was repeated, and when things were in that doubtful poſture as ſeemed to menace a ſecond diſappointment, chance produced the unexpected ſucceſs. Hippias and his adherents, foreſeeing that the capital would be inveſted, ſent their women and children to a place of better ſecurity, and the whole party fell into the hands of the enemy. Such hoſtages brought on a treaty, and the parent conſented to renounce his power for the redemption of his children; Hippias upon this

this retired from Athens to the court of his kinſman Hegeſiſtratus, in the city of Sigeum, in the Troade on the Aſiatic coaſt.

N° L.

CLISTHENES and Iſagoras had now effected a complete revolution in favour of liberty, but being men of ambitious ſpirit and of equal pretenſions, the ſtate was ſoon thrown into freſh convulſion by their factions. Cliſthenes made his court to the people, Iſagoras again had recourſe to the Lacedæmonians.

Lacedæmon, always diſpoſed to controul the growing conſequence of her neighbours, and ſenſible of the bad policy of her late meaſures, had opened her eyes to the folly of expelling Hippias upon the forged reſponſes of the Pythia, of whoſe corruption and falſe dealing ſhe had now the proofs: She complied with the requiſitions of Iſagoras ſo far as related to her interference at large, but in the mode of that interference ſhe by no means met his wiſhes, for it was immediately reſolved to invite Hippias into Sparta, where he was publicly acknowledged and

and received, and a herald ſent to Athens with a haughty meſſage to Cliſthenes and his party. The Athenians, intimidated and divided, threw themſelves upon new and deſperate reſources, ſending an embaſſy, or rather petition, to the Perſian ſatrap Artaphernes, brother of the reigning king Darius, and governor of Lydia.

The Perſian had not at this time ever heard the name of Athens, and peremptorily demanded homage; the ambaſſadors yielded to the demand, but the ſtate revoked it at their return with indignation; for the Corinthians had in the mean time taken meaſures very favourable to their intereſts, by ſeparating from the Lacedæmonian alliance and proteſting ſtrongly againſt the propoſal of reſtoring Hippias; their oppoſition ſeems to have been founded in principle, having lately experienced a tyranny of the ſame ſort in their own perſons, and they carried their point by compelling Hippias to return in deſpair to Sigeum, from whence he betook himſelf to Lampſacus, where he began to cabal in the court of Æantides the tyrant, who was in great favour with the Perſian monarch. By this channel Hippias introduced himſelf to Darius, and with all the inveteracy of an exiled ſovereign, not abated by age or length of abſence, became a principal inſtrument for promoting his expedi-

tion

tion into Greece, which concluded in the memorable battle of Marathon, at which he was preſent, twenty years after his expulſion.

It was fortunate for the liberties of Athens, that, when ſhe ſent her embaſſy to Artaphernes, he required as an indiſpenſable condition of his aid that Hippias ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed in his tyranny. A more dangerous ſtep could not have been reſolved upon than this of inviting the aſſiſtance of the Perſian, and in this applauded æra of liberty it is curious to remark ſuch an inſtance of debaſement, as this embaſſy into Lydia: The memory however of paſt oppreſſion was yet too freſh and poignant to ſuffer the Athenians to ſubmit to the condition required, and nothing remained but to prepare themſelves to face the reſentment of this mighty power: With this view they gave a favourable reception to Ariſtogaras the Mileſian, who was canvaſſing the ſeveral ſtates of Greece to ſend ſupplies to the Ionians, then on the point of falling under the dominion of Perſia: Lacedæmon had refuſed to liſten to him, and peremptorily diſmiſſed him out of their territory: From Athens he obtained the ſuccours he ſolicited, in twenty gallies well manned and appointed: The Athenian forces, after ſome ſucceſsful operations, ſuffered a defeat by ſea, and the breach with Perſia became

incurable. Before the ſtorm broke immediately upon Athens, the Perſian armies were employed againſt the frontier colonies and iſlands of Greece with uninterrupted ſucceſs: They defeated the Phœnician fleet and reduced Cyprus; many cities on the Helleſpontic coaſt were added to their empire; in the confines of the Troade ſeveral places were taken; impreſſions were made upon Ionia and Æolia by the forces of Artamenes and Otanes, and in further proceſs of the war the rich and beautiful city of Miletus was beſieged and taken, and the inhabitants of both ſexes removed into the Perſian territory, and colonized upon new lands: The iſles of Chios, Leſbos and Tenedos ſhared the ſame fate, and not a city in Ionia, that had been involved in the defection, but was ſubjected in its turn: In the Helleſpont and Propontis every thing on the European ſhore was reduced, together with the important ſtation of Chalcedon; the like ſucceſs followed their arms in the Thracian Cherſoneſus. Theſe operations were ſucceeded by the next year's campaign under the conduct of Mardonius, the ſon of a ſiſter of Darius, a young and inexperienced general; and the check, which the power of Perſia received this year by the wreck and diſperſion of their fleet off the coaſt of Macedonia, under

Mount

Mount Athos, in the Singitic bay, afforded the firſt ſeaſonable reſpite from the ill-fortune of the war.

At length the formidable torrent, which had ſo long threatened Athens at a diſtance, ſeemed ready to burſt upon her, and ſurely a more unequal conteſt never occupied the attention of mankind. Mardonius, who had been ſo unſucceſsful in his firſt campaign, was now ſuperſeded, and the vaſt army of Perſia was put under the joint command of Datis a Mede, and the younger Artaphernes, nephew to king Darius and ſon to the Prefect of Lydia. Theſe commanders purſued a different route by ſea from what Mardonius had taken, avoiding the unlucky coaſt of Macedonia, and falling upon Eubœa in the neighbourhood of Attica by a ſtrait courſe through the Ægean Sea. Having reduced the city of Caryſtus, they laid ſiege to Eretria the capital of Eubœa; the Athenians had reinforced the garriſon with four thouſand troops; but although the Eretrians for a time ſtood reſolutely to the defence of their city, it was given up by treachery on the ſeventh day and pillaged and deſtroyed in a moſt barbarous manner, the very temples being involved in the common ruin and conflagration.

Having ſtruck this ſtroke of terror under the very

very eye of Athens, the Perſians embarked their troops, and paſſing them over the narrow channel, which ſeparates Attica from Eubœa, landed for the firſt time on Athenian ground, and encamped their vaſt army upon the ſandy plain of Marathon.

Hippias, who had been now twenty years in exile, and in whoſe aged boſom the fires of ambition were not yet extinguiſhed, accompanied the Perſian forces into his native country, and according to the moſt probable accounts was ſlain in action. If any death can be glorious in a guilty cauſe, this of Hippias may be ſo accounted; to have brought three hundred thouſand men in arms, after a career of victory, landed them on the Athenian territory, and there to have put the very exiſtence of his country to the iſſue of a combat, was an aſtoniſhing effort both of mind and body, at a period of life which human nature rarely attains to. Ten thouſand Greeks under the command of Miltiades diſcomfited this overgrown hoſt in a pitcht battle upon an open plain, where all the Perſian numbers could act; but it has often happened that a ſmall band of diſciplined warriors have worſted an irregular multitude, how great ſoever. The army of Darius was broken and repulſed; ſix thouſand were left on the field, and the fugitives returned

returned into Asia overwhelmed with shame and disappointment.

This memorable day established the liberty and the glory of Athens, and from this we are to look forward to the most illuminated age in the annals of mankind. Though Hippias had several children, who survived him, yet as his descendants never gave any further disturbance to the liberties and constitution of Athens, we are henceforward to consider the race of Pisistratus as historically extinct.

The friend of freedom, who reviews them as tyrants, will dismiss them with reproach; we, who have regarded them only as patrons of literature, may take leave of them with a sigh.

N° LI.

Graiis ingenium; Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
(HORAT.)

THE advances, which the drama had made within the period now reviewed, were considerable; for the tragic poets Pratinas, Chœrilus, Phrynichus and Æschylus were in possession

ſion of the ſtage, whilſt Epicharmus and Phormis in Sicily, Chionides, Dinolochus, Evetes, Euxenides, Mylus and others in Attica, were writing comedy. Bacchus and his Satyrs were expelled, and a new ſpecies of compoſition, built upon ſhort fables ſelected from the poems of Homer, ſucceeded to the village maſque, and numbers of ingenious competitors began to apply themſelves to the work.

Theſpis had been acting tragedies, but Theſpis was one of thoſe early dramatiſts, who come under the deſcription of Οἱ περὶ Διόνυσον, *writers about Bacchus*.

Pratinas ſucceeded Theſpis, and wrote fifty tragedies, if they may be ſo called, when two and thirty of the number were *ſatyric*, or alluſive to the ſatyrs. He was a Peloponneſian of the celebrated city of Phlius, but reſorted to Athens for the purpoſe of repreſenting his dramas: He entered the liſts with Chærilus and Æſchylus about the time of Olymp. lxx. ſome years antecedent to the battle of Marathon: He bore away the prize from his competitors with one compoſition only; on all other occaſions he ſaw the palm decreed to the ſuperior merit or better intereſt of his rivals.

Plays were ſtill exhibited upon ſcaffolds or in booths, where the ſpectators as well as the performers

formers were placed, till upon the repreſentation of one of Pratinas's tragedies the ſcaffolding broke down under the weight of the crowd, and much miſchief enſued upon the accident: From this time the Athenians ſet about building a theatre in proper form and of more ſolid materials, and the drama, like the edifice, aſſumed a more dignified character and a better conſtruction.

Pratinas ſtruck out a conſiderable improvement in the orcheſtral part of his drama, by revoking the cuſtom of allowing the minſtrels to join in the chaunt or ſtrain with the chorus, and ſuffering them only to accompany with their pipes: The recitative was by this alteration given more diſtinctly to the audience, and the clamorous confuſion of voices avoided: The people however, not yet weaned from their old prejudice for the noiſy Bacchanalian ſongs of their village maſques, oppoſed themſelves violently againſt this refined innovation, and the whole theatre was thrown into confuſion, when in the midſt of the tumult Pratinas appeared on the ſtage in perſon, and in a kind of Salian ſong, accompanied with dancing, addreſſed his audience to the following effect.

PRATINAS.

WHAT means this tumult? Why this rage?
What thunder ſhakes th' Athenian ſtage?
'Tis frantic Bromius bids me ſing,
He tunes the pipe, he ſmites the ſtring;
The Dryads with their chief accord,
Submit and hail the drama's lord.
Be ſtill! and let diſtraction ceaſe,
Nor thus prophane the Muſe's peace;
By ſacred fiat I preſide
The minſtrel's maſter and his guide;
He, whilſt the chorus-ſtrains proceed,
Shall follow with reſponſive reed;
To meaſur'd notes whilſt they advance,
He in wild maze ſhall lead the dance:
So generals in the front appear,
Whilſt muſic echoes from the rear.
Now ſilence each diſcordant ſound!
For ſee, with ivy chaplet crown'd,
Bacchus appears! He ſpeaks in me——
Hear, and obey the god's decree!

(EX ATHENÆO.)

Phrynichus, the tragic poet, was the ſon of Melanthus and the diſciple of Theſpis: Suidas thinks there was another of the name, ſon of Chorocles, who alſo wrote tragedies, but there is reaſon to think he is an error. This Phrynichus firſt introduced the meaſure of tetrametres; this he did becauſe the trochaic foot is moſt proper for dancing, and the drama of this age was

accompanied with dances characteriſtic and explanatory of the fable. There were maſters profeſſedly for the purpoſe of compoſing and teaching theſe dances, and in ſome inſtances the author performed in perſon; hence it was that the early dramatiſts were called Ὀρχηστικοὶ, or *Dancers*. When tragedy was in a more improved ſtate, and the buſineſs was no longer conducted by dance and ſpectacle, but committed to dialogue, they changed the tetrametres to iambics, which Ariſtotle obſerves were fit for declamation rather than ſinging with the accompaniment of the dance.

This author was the firſt who produced the female maſk upon the ſcene; he took upon himſelf the taſk of inſtructing the dancers and performed in perſon; accordingly we find him burleſqued by Ariſtophanes in his laſt ſcene of *The Waſps*, on account of his extravagant geſticulations—*He ſtrikes and flutters*, ſays the old humouriſt Philocleon, *like a cock*; *he capers into the air, and kicks up his heels to the ſtars:* Whilſt Philocleon is capering on the ſtage after this faſhion, the ſon, who is on the ſcene, obſerves—*This is not agility, it is inſanity. It is either the plot of a tragedy*, replies the ſervant, *or the caprice of a madman*; *give him hellebore*; *the man's beſide himſelf.*

Dancing was ſo eſſential a part of the firſt ſcenic ſpectacle, and the people were ſo attached to their old Bacchanalian cuſtoms, that the early reformers of the tragic drama found it no eaſy taſk to make the dance accord to the ſubject of the ſcene and weave it into the fable. This was generally underſtood to be done under the direction of the poet, and in many caſes he was principal performer in perſon; but where an author was not competent to this part of his duty, he called in the aſſiſtance of a profeſt ballet-maſter, who formed dances upon the incidents of the drama, and inſtructed the chorus how to perform them. There is a very eminent profeſſor of this art upon record, named *Teleſtes*, who had the honour of a ſtatue decreed to him, which was conſpicuouſly placed within the theatre, whilſt thoſe of the moſt celebrated poets were not admitted to a nearer approach than the ſteps or portico. Theſe dances prevailed till after the time of Æſchylus, when they were finally laughed out of faſhion by the parody of the ſatyrical comedy.

Though the fate of Phrynichus's tragedy on the *Siege of Miletus* has been frequently mentioned, I cannot here omit the ſtory. This beautiful city had been lately ſacked by the Perſian troops; it was the capital and pride of Ionia,

Ionia, a very antient colony of the Athenians, ſettled by Neleus, ſon of Codrus, the laſt and moſt beloved of their kings: Of its riches and renown Strabo tells us the account would exceed belief; it had given birth to men illuſtrious for ſcience and for military fame: Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes in ſucceſſion had been natives of Miletus; Hecatæus the hiſtorian was born there, as were his contemporaries Hiſtiæus and Ariſtogaras, celebrated men, who took ſo great a lead in the affairs of the Ionians introductory to the invaſion of the Perſians, and to whoſe conſpicuous talents even Darius himſelf, when exulting at their death, gave the honourable tribute of his applauſe.

Such was the city, upon whoſe deplorable fate Phrynichus founded his tragedy; the ſpectacle diſſolved his audience into tears; the national and affecting ſcene operated on the ſenſibility of the Athenians in ſo ſerious a manner, that the magiſtracy thought it a caſe fit for their interference, and by public edict prohibited any author in future to touch upon that melancholy ſubject: Nor was this all, they put a heavy fine upon the poet. His judgment certainly wanted correction; but it ſhould have been the correction of an indiſcretion rather than of a crime: As the tragedy, like its ſubject, is long

ſince periſhed, we cannot properly decide upon the ſeverity of the edict; it muſt be owned the event was too recent and domeſtic; the idea of ſuch a city in flames, the deſtruction of its temples and the maſſacre of its inhabitants, many of whom perhaps had friends and relations preſent at the ſpectacle, was not to be ſupported. It is not the province of the drama to attack the human heart with ſuch realities; the whole region of invention is open to its choice, free to work its moral purpoſes by pity or by terror; but if a plot is to be conſtructed upon truth, the tragic hiſtory is to be taken from time far diſtant, or from ſcenes out of the ſpectator's knowledge. *Flectere non frangere* is the poet's motto; if he terrifies, let him not rend the heart; if he ſoftens, let him not ſeduce it: The man, who is melted with pity, becomes as a child, but he is the child of his poet, and has a claim upon him for the protection of a parent.

This author exhibited a famous tragedy, intitled *Pyrrhiciſtæ*, or *the Dance of armed Soldiers*: The Athenians were charmed with the martial manner, in which he conducted this ſpectacle, and Ælian ſays they made him their general, and put him at the head of their army for his ſkill and addreſs in the performance: If it were ſo, it would ſeem to have been the fate of Phrynichus

nichus to be puniſhed without mercy, and rewarded without merit; but the anecdote does not obtain with good critics, and it is clear that the poet lived in a more early period than Phrynichus the general, for the loweſt date we have of him, whom we are ſpeaking of, is the circumſtance given by Plutarch in his Themiſtocles, viz. That in Olymp. lxxv. 4. Phrynichus bore away the prize with his tragedy (probably *The Phæniſſæ*) in compliment to Themiſtocles, who was at the charge of the repreſentation, and who in commemoration thereof ſet up the following inſcription—*Themiſtocles of the pariſh of Phreari was at the charge; Phrynichus made the tragedy, and Adimantus was archon.*

From this play of *The Phæniſſæ* Æſchylus took the deſign of his famous tragedy of *The Perſæ.*

N° LII.

Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus et modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
(HORAT.)

WE now are to ſpeak of a poet, ſome of whoſe ineſtimable remains are in our hands. Æſchylus was born in the laſt year of Olymp. lxiii. the ſon of Euphorion an Athenian; he was in the flower of manhood at the battle of Marathon, and ſerved with diſtinguiſhed reputation; his three brothers, Aminias, Euphorion and Cynægirus, were in the ſame action, and ſignalized themſelves on that glorious day. In the ſea-fight off Salamis Aminias loſt an arm, and bore away the firſt prize for valour in that well-fought action: It ſo happened at the repreſentation of one of Æſchylus's plays, that the people roſe againſt him on account of ſome attack he had made upon their ſuperſtitions, and were proceeding to ſtone him to death, when this Aminias, putting aſide his mantle, exhibited his amputated arm, and turned their fury aſide from the devoted poet; an anecdote, which at once demonſtrates

monſtrates their ferocity and their magnanimity.

Æſchylus, though he had juſt reaſon to value himſelf highly on his poetical talents, yet, like Alcæus and Archilochus, continued through life to hold his military character more at heart than his literary one, and directed to be engraved on his tomb-ſtone a diſtich in long and ſhort verſe, in which he appeals *to the field of Marathon and the long-haired Mede* to witneſs to his valour; by the Mede he probably means the general Datis. The perſonal gallantry, for which Æſchylus and his brethren were ſo conſpicuous, gives a ſtrong and manly colouring to his compoſitions; it is the characteriſtic of his genius, and his pen, like his ſword, is a weapon of terror: The ſpectacle, which his drama exhibits, is that of one ſublime, ſimple ſcene of awful magnificence; his ſentiment and ſtile are in uniſon with his ſubject, and though he is charged with having written his tragedies in a ſtate of ebriety, to which he was in general addicted, ſtill they do not betray the traces of a confuſed imagination, as Sophocles inſinuated, though occaſionally they may of an inflated one; and it was a weakneſs in Sophocles (to give his motive no worſe a name) to pronounce of Æſchylus, *that he did not know what he did,*

although he did things well; as if he had written in a ſtate of abſolute intoxication and mental diſability; an imputation, which convicts itſelf.

Æſchylus's exceſs was the vice of his time and nation, I might add of his profeſſion alſo as a ſoldier; and one ſhould almoſt ſuſpect that he conſidered it as a becoming quality in a hero, ſeeing that he had the hardineſs to exhibit Jaſon drunk upon the ſcene, an attempt which ſtands recorded as the firſt of the ſort, though afterwards he was followed in it by Epicharmus and Crates, comic poets, and in later times even by the ſententious Euripides himſelf: In ſhort the literary annals of Greece are deeply ſtained with this exceſs, and the ſtage at one period was far from diſcouraging it.

Æſchylus not only inſtructed his chorus in the dances incidental to the piece, but ſuperintended alſo and arranged the dreſſes of the performers with the moſt correct preciſion; and this he did in a taſte ſo dignified and characteriſtic, that the prieſts and ſacrificing miniſters of the temples did not ſcruple to copy and adopt his faſhions in their habiliments: He did not indeed perform on the ſtage as Phrynichus did, but he never permitted the intervention of a maſter, as many others did: The dances, which he

he compoſed for his tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs*, were particularly appoſite to the ſcene, and were performed with extraordinary ſucceſs and applauſe: He brought fifty furies at once on the ſtage in the chorus of his *Eumenides*, and diſplayed them with ſuch accompaniments and force of effect, that the whole theatre was petrified with horror, pregnant women miſcarried on the ſpot, and the magiſtracy interpoſed for the prevention of ſuch ſpectacles in future, and limited the number of the dancers, annexing a penalty to the breach of the reſtriction. Ariſtophanes has an alluſion to the Eumenides of Æſchylus in his comedy of the *Plutus*, (Act ii. Scene 4.) where Chremylus and Blepſidemus being on the ſcene are ſuddenly accoſted by *Poverty* in the perſon of a ſqualid old woman, and whilſt they are queſtioning who ſhe may be, Blepſidemus cries out——

" Some fury from the ſcenes of Æſchylus,
" Some ſtage Erinnys; look! her very face
" Is tragedy itſelf.

CHREM.

" But where's her firebrand?

BLEPS.

" Oh! there's a penalty for that."

That

That the poet Æſchylus was of a candid mind appears from his well-known declaration, viz. *That his tragedies were but ſcraps from the magnificent repaſts of Homer*; that he was of a lofty mind is from nothing more evident, than from his celebrated appeal upon a certain occaſion, when the prize was voted to his competitor evidently againſt juſtice—*I appeal to poſterity*, ſays Æſchylus, *to poſterity I conſecrate my works, in the aſſurance that they will meet that reward from time, which the partiality of my contemporaries refuſes to beſtow.*

Though the candour of Æſchylus called his tragedies fragments or ſcraps from Homer, and ſeemed to think it ſufficient honour to be able to wield with tolerable grace one weapon out of the armoury of this gigantic ſpirit, yet I would ſubmit to the reader's judgment, whether the tragic poem does not demand a ſtronger exertion of the mental faculties within the compaſs of its compoſition than the epic poem. In a drama, where every thing muſt be in action, where characters muſt be ſtrongly marked and cloſely compreſſed, the paſſions all in arms, and the heart alternately ſeized by terror and ſubdued by pity, where the diction muſt never ſleep in detail, nor languiſh in deſcription, but be lofty yet not dilated, eloquent but not loquacious,

cious, I have no conception how the human genius can be ſtrained to greater energy: At the ſame time it muſt be admitted that the continuation of exertion, which the epic requires, inferior though it may be in force, falls heavieſt on the poet of that department; the ſcope of his work is much more diffuſed, and hiſtory perhaps preſents ſo few fit ſubjects to his choice, that we cannot wonder at the general predilection of the literary world for dramatic compoſition; leaſt of all can we want a reaſon why the Greeks, an animated and ingenious race of writers, addicted to ſpectacle and devoted to muſic and dancing, ſhould fall with ſuch avidity upon the flowery province of the drama.

But when they made it a conteſt as well as a ſtudy, when they hung up wreaths and crowns as the reward of victory, and turned dramatic ſpectacles into a kind of Olympic games, they brought a crowd of competitors to the liſts. The magiſtrate generally, and private citizens in particular caſes, furniſhed the exhibition at an immenſe expence, and with a degree of ſplendor we have little conception of. The happy poet crowned with the wreath of triumph, preſenting himſelf to the acclamations of a crowded theatre, felt ſuch a flood of triumph, as in ſome inſtances to ſink under the ecſtacy and expire on the ſpot;

whilſt

whilſt on the other hand diſappointment operating upon ſuſceptible and ſanguine minds, has been more than once productive of effects as fatal: Such minds, though they claim our pity, do not merit our reſpect, and it is a conſolation to reflect, that where there is a genius like that of Æſchylus, there is generally found a concomitant magnanimity, which can diſregard with conſcious dignity the falſe misjudging decrees of the vulgar.

The appeal, which Æſchylus made to poſterity, was ſoon verified, for after his death the Athenians held his name in the higheſt veneration, and made a decree for furniſhing the expence of repreſenting his tragedies out of the public purſe; he carried away many prizes during his life, and many more were decreed to his tragedies after his death: A ſtatue was erected in memory of him at Athens, and a picture was painted deſcriptive of his valour in the fight at Marathon.

Amongſt other reaſons ſuggeſted for his leaving Athens, ſome aſſert that he retired in diſguſt at being ſuperſeded in a prize by Sophocles, who was a very young competitor; but a vague aſſertion of this invidious ſort is readily confuted by the character of Æſchylus, to which it is not reconcileable upon any other than

than the ſtrongeſt authority. It is agreed that he removed to Sicily to the court of king Hiero, where he was very honourably received, and after three years reſidence died and was buried in a ſumptuous and public manner: The fable of the eagle dropping a tortoiſe on his head, and his being killed by the blow, was probably allegorical, and emblematical of his genius, age and decay. Valerius Maximus however gives the ſtory for truth, and refers to the authorities of Ariſtophanes, Pliny, and Suidas, concluding his account with the following expreſſion—*Eoque ictu origo et principium fortioris tragœdiæ extinctum eſt.* He died at the age of ſixty-nine years, after a life ſpent alternately in great labour and great exceſs. This event took place in the firſt year of Olymp. lxxxi. In Olymp. lxx. when he was between twenty and thirty years old, he conteſted the prize with Pratinas and Chærilus, when Myrus was archon; *Chærilus* was an Athenian, and wrote tragedies to the amount of one hundred and fifty, of all which not even a fragment ſurvives. At the battle of Marathon Æſchylus was thirty-ſeven years old; twelve years after this celebrated action Xerxes paſſed into Greece at the head of his armies, burnt Athens, and carried off the library collected by Piſiſtratus and his ſons. When Æſchylus was turned of fifty

fifty he carried away the prizes with his tragedies of *Phineus*, *The Perſæ*, *Glaucus Potnienſis*, and *The Prometheus*. Three years before his death he performed his *Agamemnon* and bore away the prize with that, with *The Choephoris*, *The Eumenides* and *The Proteus*, a ſatyric drama, the charges of the theatre being defrayed by Xenocles Aphidneus. If he paſſed into Sicily therefore he muſt have left Athens immediately after this ſucceſs, and this is another circumſtance, which makes againſt the ſtory of his diſguſt.

At the death of Æſchylus, Sophocles was in his twenty-ſeventh year, and Euripides in his twenty-firſt: Chionides and Dinolochus, writers of the old comedy, flouriſhed in his time; as did the philoſophers Zeno Eleates, Anaxagoras and Parmenides: Socrates was in his twenty-ſecond year, when Æſchylus died, and Pindar died two years before him.

N° LIII.

IN the *Frogs* of Ariſtophanes three entire acts are occupied by a conteſt between Æſchylus and Euripides for the tragic chair amongſt the departed ſpirits. The matter is put to reference before Bacchus and others, who proceed to a ſolemn hearing of the parties. The author evidently leans to Æſchylus throughout the controverſy, and in the end makes Bacchus give a full deciſion in his favour: The iraſcible proud ſpirit of Æſchylus and the litigious talkative character of Euripides are well marked, and in a peculiar vein of comic humour: The contending poets alternately repeat paſſages in their reſpective prologues and choruſſes, which the other party as conſtantly criticizes and turns to ridicule: Amongſt the many defects, which Euripides pretends to diſcover in Æſchylus's dramas, he urges the taciturnity of his principal character.

EURIPIDES.

" Firſt then, he'd muffle up his characters,
" Some Niobe, for inſtance, or Achilles,
" And bring them on the ſtage, their faces hid,
" As mutes; for not a ſingle word they utter'd.

BACCHUS.

" Not they, by Jupiter!

EURIPIDES.

" Meantime the chorus
" Sang regularly four ſucceſſive ſtrains;
" But they kept ſilence.

BACCHUS.

" And that ſilence truly
" Pleas'd me as much as all our modern ſpeeches.
" ——— But tell me to what purpoſe
" This fellow did it?

EURIPIDES.

" From impertinence,
" To keep the audience during the performance
" Waiting to hear when Niobe ſhould ſpeak.
" ——— Having play'd theſe tricks,
" Juſt as the piece was above half concluded,
" They'd ſpeak perhaps ſome dozen bellowing
" words,
" Of ſuch high-creſted and terrific form,
" The audience truly could not comprehend
" them."

(DUNSTER's Tranſlation.)

The decree, which Ariſtophanes makes Bacchus pronounce in favour of Æſchylus, is by implication as deciſive againſt Sophocles as againſt Euripides, for Sophocles declares his acquieſcence under the judgment, if it ſhall be given for Æſchylus, but if otherwiſe he avows himſelf ready to conteſt the palm with Euripides:

pides: A circumſtance which ſufficiently diſcriminates the modeſt complacency of his character from the peeviſh diſputatious temper of Euripides: It is at the ſame time an implied confirmation of the pre-eminence of theſe three tragic poets over all other competitors in that department of the drama, and puts Æſchylus at the head of the triumvirate. How they ranked in the judgment of Ariſtophanes is further manifeſt by what he puts in the mouth of Æſchylus after judgment is given for him: He ſays to Pluto—

" Do thou to Sophocles
" Conſign my ſeat, to keep poſſeſſion of it,
" In caſe I ſhould again return; for he
" Doubtleſs comes neareſt me in tragic powers."
(DUNSTER.)

It appears therefore, that, although we have few remains of the Greek tragedy, yet they are remains of the beſt maſters. There are authorities which ſay that Æſchylus wrote above one hundred tragedies, and the titles of all theſe have been collected and publiſhed by Meurſius; ſeven only ſurvive; the like number of Sophocles and a few more of Euripides comprize all the remains of the Greek tragedy now in our poſſeſſion: But although theſe are highly valuable

as being ſpecimens of the beſt maſters, it does not follow that they are the beſt, or amongſt the beſt, performances of their reſpective authors: At all events we can judge but in part from ſo ſmall a proportion, and as theſe authors were in the habit of forming their dramas upon plots that were a continuation of the ſame ſtory, it muſt be to the diſadvantage of any one piece, that happens to come down to us disjunctively, as in the inſtance of the *Prometheus* of Æſchylus, and more which might be named amongſt the remains of the two other ſurviving poets.

We have now Engliſh tranſlations of all the Greek tragedies, and without carrying my remarks any farther than appertains to the poet of whom I am ſpeaking, I ſhould feel it as an injuſtice to the merit of a very able and ingenious contemporary, if I could mention Æſchylus and overlook his tranſlator: A work ſo arduous as that, which Mr. Potter has executed, might claim much more indulgence, than his performance will ever ſtand in need of; but theſe tranſlations, could they be executed up to the full ſpirit of their originals, can never intereſt an Engliſh reader like his native drama: To the poet they afford a great ſubject for diſplay in odes and choruſſes, and relieve him at the ſame time from the heavieſt part of his work, the labour

of

of the plot; but with the reader, who cannot judge of their orcheſtral accompaniments, they will never ſtand in competition with the activity of the Engliſh drama, its warm and rapid incident, tranſition of ſcene, variety of character, brevity of dialogue, buſy plot and domeſtic fable. A man of genius, who writes for the cloſet, may have a curioſity to build a drama upon Greek conſtruction, but he will hardly ſucceed in an attempt to naturalize it on our ſtage.

No tranſlator can engage with a more difficult original than Æſchylus: Time has thrown ſome ſublimities out of our ſight, and many difficulties in our way by the injuries of the text: The ſtile of his tragedy beſpeaks a fiery and inflated imagination; the time in which he wrote and his own martial habits doubtleſs give a colour and character to his diction; perhaps the intemperance in which he indulged may ſometimes give a heat to his fancy more than natural, and there are ſome paſſages, of ſo figurative and metaphorical a ſort, that I have been often tempted to ſuppoſe that his campaigns againſt the Perſians might have tinctured his language with ſomething of the Oriental tone of expreſſion.

Sophocles in times more pacific has a ſofter verſification, and a ſtile more ſweet and feeble; of habits and education more effeminate, of a

fair and comely perſon, we hear of him dancing naked round a trophy, erected for the victory of Salamis, his lyre in his hand, and his limbs anointed with oil to encreaſe their activity: He ſtudied muſic and the dance under Lampſus, and in both arts was an adept; he danced at the performance of his own *Nauſicaa*, and he accompanied the choruſſes of his *Thamyris* with his voice and harp: Devoted to the fair ſex in the extreme, the ſoftneſs of his natural character is conſpicuous in his writings; his pictures of women are flatteringly drawn, and his ſtile is compared to the honey of the bee for ſweetneſs: The ſenſibility of his mind was extreme; though he lived near a hundred years, old age did not deaden his feelings, for whilſt judgment was paſſing on his *Oedipus Coloneus*, the laſt play he exhibited, his ſpirit was ſo agitated by the anxious ſuſpenſe, that when the prize was at length decreed in his favour, the tumult of paſſion was too violent for his exhauſted frame, and the aged poet expired with joy.

Euripides on the other hand was of mean birth, the ſon of a poor woman, who ſold herbs, at which circumſtance Æſchylus points when he ſays in the *Frogs*—

" O thou from rural goddeſs ſprung!"

He

He was educated by his father to engage as an athletic in the Eleuſynian and Theſean games; he was alſo a ſtudent in natural philoſophy under Anaxagoras, in rhetoric under Prodicus, and a pupil of Socrates in moral philoſophy. When he began to ſtudy tragedy he ſhut himſelf in a cave, wild and horrid and ſequeſtered from the world, in the iſland of Salamis: He is charged with having a profeſt antipathy to women, and every feature both of nature and education, as now deſcribed, is diſcoverable in his writings; his ſentiments breathe the air of the ſchools, his images are frequently vulgar, and his female characters of an unfavourable caſt; he is carping, ſour and diſputatious, and, though he carried away only five prizes out of ſeventy-five plays, he is ſtill indignant, proud and ſelf-aſſuming; his life was full of contention and his death of horror, for he was ſet upon by maſtiffs and killed. He was the friend of Socrates and groſsly addicted to unnatural paſſion.

N° LIV.

IN a ſcene between Xanthias the ſlave of Bacchus, and Æacus, in the comedy of the *Frogs* before mentioned, the latter upon being aſked why Sophocles did not put in his claim for the tragic chair, replies——

" Not he, by Jove!
" When hither he came down, he inſtantly
" Embrac'd Æſchylus, ſhook him by the hand,
" And in his favour gave up all pretenſions:
" And now, as by Clidemides I'm told,
" He will attend the trial as third man,
" Content if Æſchylus victorious prove;
" But otherwiſe, has ſaid he'll try his ſkill
" In conteſt with Euripides."

(DUNSTER's Tranſlation.)

The tragedies of Æſchylus have all the marks of an original genius; his ſcene is caſt with an awful and majeſtic grandeur, and he deſigns in the boldeſt ſtile; in ſome ſituations his principal figures are painted with ſuch terrible effect, that I can only liken them to a compoſition, where Spagnolet had drawn the perſons of the damned in tortures, and Salvator Roſa had filled up the ſcenery of Hell in his ſtrongeſt manner. No poet introduces his character on the ſcene with more

more dignity and ſtage-effect: He is in the practice of holding the ſpectator in ſuſpenſe by a preparatory ſilence in his chief perſon, which is amongſt the moſt refined arts of the dramatic poet: This was well underſtood by our Shakeſpear and ſome others of the old ſchool; on the French ſtage I conceive it is very little in uſe.

In the introductory ſcene of the *Prometheus* the principal character preſerves a dignified ſilence for a conſiderable ſpace of time, during which all the tremendous machinery incidental to his tortures is going forward under the ſuperintendance of imaginary beings, and the vengeance of almighty Jupiter in chaining him to a rock, there to languiſh for innumerable ages, is in actual execution. This is a prelude infinitely more dramatic, ſublime and affecting, than if the ſcene had been interwoven with lamentations, cries and complaints, though ever ſo well expreſſed; the picture tells its own tale and the ſpectacle ſpeaks to the heart without the vehicle of words: It is well obſerved by Mr. Potter the tranſlator of Æſchylus, that "there is a dignity "and even ſublimity in this ſilence of Prome-"theus beyond the expreſſion of words; but as "ſoon as the inſtruments of tyranny have left "him, he burſts into a ſtrain of pathetic lamen-"tation,

" tation, and invokes all nature to atteſt to his " undeſerved ſufferings."

" Æthereal air, and ye ſwift-winged winds,
" Ye rivers ſpringing from freſh founts, ye waves,
" That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
" Your criſped ſmiles, thou all-producing earth,
" And thee, bright ſun, I call, whoſe flaming orb
" Views the wide world beneath."———

(POTTER.)

The ſcenery and ſpectacle of the *Prometheus* muſt have been the fineſt that poet ever deviſed; all the characters are ſupernatural beings, and their language is not unworthy of Olympus.

The *Agamemnon* is a wonderful production, and though no other tragedy but this had come down to us from the pen of the author, it would be matter of aſtoniſhment to me that any critic ſhould be found of ſuch proof againſt its beauties, as to lower its author to a compariſon with Sophocles or Euripides; yet ſome there have been, who have reverſed the decree of Bacchus, and given their preference to Sophocles, nay even to Euripides. The ſame management is obſervable in this tragedy upon the introduction of Caſſandra, as we have juſt now remarked in the caſe of *Prometheus*: Agamemnon recommends his captive to the protection of Clytemneſtra; they are left upon the ſcene together; the

the Queen of Argos ſolicits her to deſcend from her car and enter the palace; the chorus ſecond the invitation; ſhe makes no reply; Clytemneſtra doubts if ſhe ſpeaks the language of Greece, and calls upon her to make ſome acknowledgment by ſigns; when this draws nothing from her, ſhe grows exaſperated and exclaims—

" 'Tis frenzy this, the impulſe of a mind
" Diſorder'd; from a city lately taken
" She comes, and knows not how to bear the curb,
" Till ſhe has ſpent her rage in bloody foam:
" But I no more waſte words to be diſdain'd."

(POTTER.)

Caſſandra ſtill is ſilent; when upon the departure of the queen, this gloomy cloud that hung upon the foreground of the proſpect at once diſperſes, and a ſcene of ſuch dazzling ſplendour and ſublimity burſts forth upon the inſtant, as muſt have thrown the theatre into aſtoniſhment; ſeized with the prophetic fury ſhe breaks out into ſuch guſts and agonies of divination, as can no otherwiſe be deſcribed, but with ſilent wonder how any human imagination could furniſh ſuch ideas, or find words to give them utterance. The chorus I confeſs ſtand the ſhock with wonderful preſence of mind, but the phlegm and apathy of a Greek chorus is proof againſt every thing;

thing; though the propheteſs plainly denounces the impending murder of the king by Clytemneſtra, and points out the bath as the ſcene of his aſſaſſination, the chorus tamely anſwers—

" To unfold the obſcure oracles of heav'n
" Is not my boaſt."——

(POTTER.)

I need not be reminded that incredulity was annexed by Apollo to the predictions of Caſſandra, and that the plot and cataſtrophe would not admit of precipitation; for I muſt ſtill contend that incredulity itſelf is a good dramatic engine, and if the chorus had not ſtood in his way, would have been otherwiſe managed by the author; but I take the character of a true Greek chorus to be ſuch, that if Apollo himſelf had come in perſon to tell them, that the earth would open and ſwallow them up, if they did not inſtantly remove from the ſpot on which they ſtood, they would have ſtopt to moralize, or hymn an ode, in ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, to Jupiter, or Venus, or the gods below to whom they were deſcending, though the ground was cleaving under their feet—provided, as I before premiſed, that they had the true ſpirit of a Greek chorus in them. To have a genius like this of Æſchylus encumbered

bered with a chorus, is as if a millſtone was tied round the pinions of an eagle.

The *Agamemnon* was the laſt tragedy he wrote for the Athenian ſtage; the poet was then turned of ſixty years: The Athenians decreed the prize to him for this ineſtimable performance, which has been the admiration of all ages, and will be to all poſterity.

The tragedy of the *Perſians*, and that alſo of the *Furies*, are a ſtudy for poets and painters; the imagery in both theſe pieces is of a wonderful and ſurpaſſing ſublimity. In the former of theſe every reader muſt be ſtruck with the introduction of the ghoſt of Darius, and the awful rites and incantations that are preparatory to its appearance: The ſudden interruption of the unfiniſhed hymn by the royal ſpectre, the attitudes of the proſtrate Satraps, the ſituation of Atoſſa, and the whole diſpoſition of the ſcene, are a combination in point of effect which no dramatic ſpectacle ever exceeded.

In the *Furies* the ſcene preſents to the ſpectator the temple of the Pythian Apollo; the prieſteſs opens the tragedy with a ſpeech from the veſtibule; the gates are drawn back and the interior of the fane is diſcovered, the god appears on the ſcene in perſon, Oreſtes is at his feet in a ſupplicating poſture, and the furies to the num-

ber

ber of fifty are difperfed in different attitudes, but all buried in profound fleep: Apollo addreffes himfelf to his fuppliant and points to the fleeping furies—

——" See this griefly troop!
" Sleep has oppreſs'd them, and their baffled rage
" Shall fail, grim-viſag'd hags, grown old
" In loath'd virginity: Nor god, nor man
" Approach'd their bed, nor favage of the wilds;
" For they were born for miſchiefs, and their haunts
" In dreary darkneſs 'midſt the yawning gulfs
" Of Tartarus beneath, by men abhorr'd
" And by th' Olympian gods."

(POTTER.)

Can there be a finer, a more tremendous picture? There can: But it is the genius of Æſchylus muſt heighten it: The ghoſt of Clytemneſtra rifes on the ſcene and completes the horror; ſtained with the blood of her huſband, and gaſhed with wounds inflicted by the parricidal hand of her own ſon, ſhe calls out to the avenging deities—

" What, can you ſleep? Is this a time t' indulge
" Your indolent repoſe?——
" Hear me, oh hear! 'tis for my ſoul's repoſe
" I plead: rouſe your keen ſenſe, infernal powers!
" 'Tis Clytemneſtra calls you in your dreams."

(POTTER.)

The

The furies ſcream out in their ſleep, the ſpectre again urges them to rouſe—

——" And is this all? Awake,
" Ariſe."——
——" With fiery breath
" That ſnuffs the ſcent of blood, purſue this ſon,
" Follow him, blaſt him!".

(POTTER.)

What art! what aggravation in this horrid prelude! what preparation for effect! with what a burſt muſt they have ſprung from their dream!—Well may we give credit to the account of the terrors which they impreſt upon the ſpectators: Their numbers, their attire, their temples wreathed with ſnakes, and their hands armed with flames, the clangor of the orcheſtra, the violence of their motions, their yelling ſcreams, ſeem to empty the whole infernal regions on the ſtage. We muſt take into our recollection alſo, that this ſpectacle was exhibited to a people, who conſidered theſe beings as deities, at whoſe ſhrines they paid divine worſhip, and to whoſe eyes and imaginations this ſnaky attire was wholly new; for it was the bold fancy of the poet, which firſt dreſſed them in this manner, and they have kept the faſhion from that moment to the preſent.

I cannot diſmiſs this tragedy without obſerv-

ing that there is a ſhift of the ſcene from Delphi to Athens, which I take to be a ſingle inſtance of the ſort on the Greek ſtage.

The number of the chorus being limited by public edict after the exhibition of this tragedy, it is clear that the tragedy of the *Supplicants* muſt have been ſubſequent to it, inaſmuch as the chorus of Danaides conſiſted of fifty perſons; and as the whole tenor of this ſoft and pathetic drama bears an air of atonement to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar, and is full of pious ſubmiſſion to the will of Jupiter and religious veneration for the gods, it ſeems to me very probable that the poet had a view in this tragedy of the *Supplicants*, of reconciling the people after the offence he had given them on a former occaſion by making too free with the deities, and for which he narrowly eſcaped their reſentment.

As to the tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs againſt Thebes*, it is ſaid to have been the favourite of its author, and we know it has the teſtimony of the critic Longinus. The ſcenery is beautiful; the dialogue characteriſtic and of a martial glow; the armorial bearings charged on the ſhields of the armed chiefs are moſt fancifully deviſed; and the tender contraſt of the perſons of the chorus, compoſed of the daughters of Cadmus, aſſociate every pleaſing and animating contemplation

contemplation that can meet within the compaſs of one ſimple drama.

I believe there is no antient poet, that bears ſo cloſe a reſemblance in point of genius to any of the moderns, as Æſchylus bears to Shakeſpear: The compariſon might afford a pleaſing ſubject to a man of learning and leiſure: If I was further to compare the relation, in which Æſchylus ſtands to Sophocles and Euripides, with that of Shakeſpear to any of our later dramatiſts, I ſhould be inclined to put Sophocles in the line with Rowe, and Euripides with Lillo.

N° LV.

Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poetæ:
Nec minimum meruere decus, veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere, et celebrare domeſtica facta.
(HORAT.)

THERE are two very ſtriking characters delineated by our great dramatic poet, which I am deſirous of bringing together under one review, and theſe are *Macbeth* and *Richard the Third*.

The parts, which theſe two perſons ſuſtain in their reſpective dramas, have a remarkable coincidence: Both are actuated by the ſame guilty ambition in the opening of the ſtory; both murder their lawful ſovereign in the courſe of it; and both are defeated and ſlain in battle at the concluſion of it: Yet theſe two characters, under circumſtances ſo ſimilar, are as ſtrongly diſtinguiſhed in every paſſage of their dramatic life by the art of the poet, as any two men ever were by the hand of nature.

Let us contemplate them in the three following periods; viz. The premeditation of their crime; the perpetration of it; and the cataſtrophe of their death.

Duncan the reigning king of Scotland has two ſons: Edward the fourth of England has alſo two ſons; but theſe kings and their reſpective heirs do not affect the uſurpers Macbeth and Richard in the ſame degree, for the latter is a prince of the blood royal, brother to the king and next in conſanguinity to the throne after the death of his elder brother the duke of Clarence: Macbeth on the contrary is not in the ſucceſſion—

And to be king
Stands not within the proſpect of belief.

His

His views therefore being further removed and more out of hope, a greater weight of circumſtances ſhould be thrown together to tempt and encourage him to an undertaking ſo much beyond *the proſpect of his belief*. The art of the poet furniſhes theſe circumſtances, and the engine, which his invention employs, is of a preternatural and prodigious ſort. He introduces in the very opening of his ſcene a troop of ſybills or witches, who ſalute Macbeth with their divinations, and in three ſolemn prophetic gratulations hail him *Thane of Glamis*, *Thane of Cawdor*, and *King hereafter!*

By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor?

One part of the prophecy therefore is true; the remaining promiſes become more deſerving of belief. This is one ſtep in the ladder of his ambition, and mark how artfully the poet has laid it in his way: No time is loſt; the wonderful machinery is not ſuffered to ſtand ſtill, for behold a verification of the ſecond prediction, and a courtier thus addreſſes him from the king—

And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor.

The magic now works to his heart, and he cannot wait the departure of the royal meſſenger before his admiration vents itſelf aſide—

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greateſt is behind.

A ſecond time he turns aſide, and unable to repreſs the emotions, which this ſecond confirmation of the predictions has excited, repeats the ſame ſecret obſervation—

Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
Of the imperial theme.

A ſoliloquy then enſues, in which the poet judiciouſly opens enough of his character to ſhew the ſpectator that theſe præternatural agents are not ſuperfluouſly ſet to work upon a diſpoſition prone to evil, but one that will have to combat many compunctious ſtruggles before it can be brought to yield even to oracular influence. This alone would demonſtrate (if we needed demonſtration) that Shakeſpear, without reſorting to the antients, had the judgment of ages as it were inſtinctively. From this inſtant we are appriſed that Macbeth meditates an attack upon our pity as well as upon our horror, when he puts the following queſtion to his conſcience—

Why

Why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
Againſt the uſe of nature?

Now let us turn to *Richard*, in whoſe cruel heart no ſuch remorſe finds place; he needs no tempter: There is here no *dignus vindice nodus*, nor indeed any *knot* at all, for he is already practiſed in murder: Ambition is his ruling paſſion, and a crown is in view, and he tells you at his very firſt entrance on the ſcene—

I am determined to be a villain.

We are now preſented with a character full formed and compleat for all the ſavage purpoſes of the drama:—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

The barriers of conſcience are broken down, and the ſoul, hardened againſt ſhame, avows its own depravity—

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.

He obſerves no gradations in guilt, expreſſes no heſitation, practiſes no refinements, but plunges into blood with the familiarity of long cuſtom, and gives orders to his aſſaſſins to diſ-

patch his brother Clarence with all the unfeeling tranquillity of a Nero or Caligula. Richard, having no longer any ſcruples to manage with his own conſcience, is exactly in the predicament, which the dramatic poet *Diphilus* has deſcribed with ſuch beautiful ſimplicity of expreſſion—

Οστὶς γάρ αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἐκ αἰσχύνεται,
Συνειδὸς αὐτω φαῦλα διαπεπραγμένω,
Πῶς τόν γε μηδὲν εἰδότ' αἰσχυνθήσεται·

The wretch who knows his own vile deeds, and yet fears not himſelf, how ſhould he fear another, who knows them not?

It is manifeſt therefore that there is an eſſential difference in the development of theſe characters, and that in favour of Macbeth: In his ſoul cruelty ſeems to dawn, it breaks out with faint glimmerings, like a winter morning, and gathers ſtrength by ſlow degrees; In Richard it flames forth at once, mounting like the ſun between the tropics, and enters boldly on its career without a herald. As the character of Macbeth has a moral advantage in this diſtinction, ſo has the drama of that name a much more intereſting and affecting caſt: The ſtruggles of a ſoul, naturally virtuous, whilſt it holds the guilty impulſe

of

of ambition at bay, affords the nobleſt theme for the drama, and puts the creative fancy of our poet upon a reſource, in which he has been rivalled only by the great father of tragedy Æſchylus in the prophetic effuſions of Caſſandra, the incantations of the Perſian Magi for raiſing the ghoſt of Darius, and the imaginary terrific forms of his furies; with all which our countryman probably had no acquaintance, or at moſt a very obſcure one.

When I ſee the names of theſe two great luminaries of the dramatic ſphere, ſo diſtant in time but ſo nearly allied in genius, caſually brought in contact by the nature of my ſubject, I cannot help pauſing for a while in this place to indulge ſo intereſting a contemplation, in which I find my mind balanced between two objects, that ſeem to have equal claims upon me for my admiration. Æſchylus is juſtly ſtiled the father of tragedy, but this is not to be interpreted as if he was the inventor of it: Shakeſpear with equal juſtice claims the ſame title, and his originality is qualified with the ſame exception: The Greek tragedy was not more rude and undigeſted when Æſchylus brought it into ſhape, than the Engliſh tragedy was when Shakeſpear began to write: If therefore it be granted that he had no aids from the Greek

theatre (and I think this is not likely to be disputed) so far these great masters are upon equal ground. Æschylus was a warrior of high repute, of a lofty generous spirit, and deep as it should seem in the erudition of his times: In all these particulars he has great advantage over our countryman, who was humbly born, of the most menial occupation, and, as it is generally thought, unlearned. Æschylus had the whole epic of Homer in his hands, the Iliad, Odyssey, and that prolific source of dramatic fable, the Ilias Minor; he had also a great fabulous creation to resort to amongst his own divinities, characters ready defined, and an audience, whose superstition was prepared for every thing he could offer; he had therefore a firmer and broader stage, (if I may be allowed the expression) under his feet, than Shakespear had: His fables in general are Homeric, and yet it does not follow that we can pronounce for Shakespear that he is more original in his plots, for I understand that late researches have traced him in all, or nearly all: Both poets added so much machinery and invention of their own in the conduct of their fables, that whatever might have been the source, still their streams had little or no taste of the spring they flowed from. In point of character we have better grounds to decide, and yet it is

but

but juſtice to obſerve that it is not fair to bring a mangled poet in compariſon with one who is entire: In his divine perſonages Æſchylus has the field of heaven, and indeed of hell alſo, to himſelf; in his heroic and military characters he has never been excelled; he had too good a model within his own boſom to fail of making thoſe delineations natural: In his imaginary beings alſo he will be found a reſpectable, though not an equal, rival of our poet; but in the variety of character, in all the nicer touches of nature, in all the extravagancies of caprice and humour, from the boldeſt feature down to the minuteſt foible, Shakeſpear ſtands alone; ſuch perſons as he delineates never came into the contemplation of Æſchylus as a poet; his tragedy has no dealing with them; the ſimplicity of the Greek fable, and the great portion of the drama filled up by the chorus, allow of little variety of character, and the moſt which can be ſaid of Æſchylus in this particular is, that he never offends againſt nature or propriety, whether his caſt is in the terrible or pathetic, the elevated or the ſimple. His verſification with the intermixture of lyric compoſition is more various than that of Shakeſpear; both are lofty and ſublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical and ſometimes extravagant;—

——*Nubes*

——— *Nubes et inania captat.*

This may be ſaid of each poet in his turn; in each the critic, if he is in ſearch for defects, will readily enough diſcover—

In ſcenam miſſus magno cum pondere verſus.

Both were ſubject to be hurried on by an uncontroulable impulſe, nor could nature alone ſuffice for either: Æſchylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command—

He could call ſpirits from the vaſty deep,

and they *would come*—Shakeſpear, having no ſuch creation in reſource, boldly made one of his own; if Æſchylus therefore was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the gods; but the unaſſiſted invention of Shakeſpear ſeized all and more than ſuperſtition ſupplied to Æſchylus.

N° LVI.

ILLE profecto
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
(HORAT.)

WE are now to attend *Macbeth* to the perpetration of the murder, which puts him in poſſeſſion of the crown of Scotland; and this introduces a new perſonage on the ſcene, his accomplice and wife: She thus developes her own character—

Come, all you ſpirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unſex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direſt cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief: Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!

Terrible invocation! Tragedy can ſpeak no ſtronger language, nor could any genius leſs than Shakeſpear's ſupport a character of ſo lofty

a pitch, ſo ſublimely terrible at the very opening.

The part which Lady Macbeth fills in the drama has a relative as well as poſitive importance, and ſerves to place the repugnance of Macbeth in the ſtrongeſt point of view; ſhe is in fact the auxiliary of the witches, and the natural influence, which ſo high and predominant a ſpirit aſſerts over the tamer qualities of her huſband, makes thoſe witches but ſecondary agents for bringing about the main action of the drama. This is well worth a remark; for if they, which are only artificial and fantaſtic inſtruments, had been made the ſole or even principal movers of the great incident of the murder, nature would have been excluded from her ſhare in the drama, and Macbeth would have become the mere machine of an uncontroulable neceſſity, and his character, being robbed of its free agency, would have left no moral behind: I muſt take leave therefore to anticipate a remark, which I ſhall hereafter repeat, that when Lady Macbeth is urging her Lord to the murder, not a word is dropt by either of the witches or their predictions. It is in theſe inſtances of his conduct that Shakeſpear is ſo wonderful a ſtudy for the dramatic poet. But I proceed——

Lady Macbeth in her firſt ſcene, from which I have

I have already extracted a paſſage, prepares for an attempt upon the conſcience of her huſband, whoſe nature ſhe thus deſcribes—

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs
To catch the neareſt way.

He arrives before ſhe quits the ſcene, and ſhe receives him with conſummate addreſs—

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both by the All-hail hereafter!

Theſe are the very gratulations of the witches; ſhe welcomes him with confirmed predictions, with the tempting ſalutations of ambition, not with the ſoftening careſſes of a wife—

Macb. *Duncan comes here to-night.*
Lady. *And when goes hence?*
Macb. *To-morrow, as he purpoſes.*
Lady. *Oh never*
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!

The rapidity of her paſſion hurries her into immediate explanation, and he, conſiſtently with the character ſhe had deſcribed, evades her precipitate ſolicitations with a ſhort indeciſive anſwer—

We will ſpeak further——

His

His reflections upon this interview and the dreadful ſubject of it are ſoon after given in ſoliloquy, in which the poet has mixt the moſt touching ſtrokes of compunction with his meditations: He reaſons againſt the villany of the act, and honour jointly with nature aſſails him with an argument of double force—

He's here in double truſt;
Firſt as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then as his hoſt,
Who ſhou'd againſt the murtherer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife himſelf.

This appeal to nature, hoſpitality and allegiance, was not without its impreſſion; he again meets his lady, and immediately declares—

We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.

This draws a retort upon him, in which his tergiverſation and cowardice are ſatirized with ſo keen an edge, and interrogatory reproaches are preſſed ſo faſt upon him, that catching hold in his retreat of one ſmall but precious fragment in the wreck of innocence and honour, he demands a truce from her attack, and with the ſpirit of a combatant, who has not yet yielded up his weapons, cries out—

Pr'ythee, peace!

The

The words are no expletives; they do not fill up a ſentence, but they form one: They ſtand in a moſt important paſs; they defend the breach her ambition has made in his heart; a breach in the very citadel of humanity; they mark the laſt dignified ſtruggle of virtue, and they have a double reflecting power, which in the firſt place ſhews that nothing but the voice of authority could ſtem the torrent of her invective, and in the next place announces that ſomething, worthy of the ſolemn audience he had demanded, was on the point to follow—and worthy it is to be a ſtandard ſentiment of moral truth expreſſed with proverbial ſimplicity, ſinking into every heart that hears it—

I dare do all, that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

How muſt every feeling ſpectator lament that a man ſhould fall from virtue with ſuch an appeal upon his lips!

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἀδὴς δειλὸς, ὁ δεδοικὼς νόμον.
(PHILONIDES.)

A man is not a coward becauſe he fears to be unjuſt, is the ſentiment of an old dramatic poet.

Macbeth's principle is honour; cruelty is natural

natural to his wife; ambition is common to both; one paſſion favourable to her purpoſe has taken place in his heart; another ſtill hangs about it, which being adverſe to her plot, is firſt to be expelled, before ſhe can inſtil her cruelty into his nature. The ſentiment above quoted had been firmly delivered, and was uſhered in with an apoſtrophe ſuitable to its importance; ſhe feels its weight; ſhe perceives it is not to be turned aſide with contempt, or laughed down by ridicule, as ſhe had already done where weaker ſcruples had ſtood in the way; but, taking ſophiſtry in aid, by a ready turn of argument ſhe gives him credit for his ſentiment, erects a more glittering though fallacious logic upon it, and by admitting his objection cunningly confutes it—

What beaſt was 't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man,
And to be more than what you were, you wou'd
Be ſo much more than man.

Having thus parried his objection by a ſophiſtry calculated to blind his reaſon and enflame his ambition, ſhe breaks forth into ſuch a vaunting diſplay of hardened intrepidity, as preſents one of the moſt terrific pictures that was ever imagined—

I have

I have given ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
I would, whilſt it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from its boneleſs gums,
And daſht its brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

This is a note of horror, ſcrewed to a pitch that burſts the very ſinews of nature; ſhe no longer combats with human weapon, but ſeizing the flaſh of the lightning extinguiſhes her opponent with the ſtroke: Here the controverſy muſt end, for he muſt either adopt her ſpirit, or take her life: He ſinks under the attack, and offering nothing in delay of execution but a feeble heſitation, founded in fear—*If we ſhould fail* —he concludes with an aſſumed ferocity, caught from her and not ſpringing from himſelf—

I am ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

The ſtrong and ſublime ſtrokes of a maſter impreſſed upon this ſcene make it a model of dramatic compoſition, and I muſt in this place remind the reader of the obſervation I have before hinted at, that no reference whatever is had to the auguries of the witches: It would be injuſtice to ſuppoſe that this was other than a purpoſed omiſſion by the poet; a weaker genius

would have reſorted back to theſe inſtruments; Shakeſpear had uſed and laid them aſide for a time; he had a ſtronger engine at work, and he could proudly exclaim—

We defy auguries!——

Nature was ſufficient for that work, and to ſhew the maſtery he had over nature, he took his human agent from the weaker ſex.

This having paſſed in the firſt act, the murder is perpetrated in the ſucceeding one. The introductory ſoliloquy of Macbeth, the chimæra of the dagger, and the ſignal on the bell, are awful preludes to the deed. In this dreadful interim Lady Macbeth the great ſuperintending ſpirit enters to ſupport the dreadful work. It is done; and he returns appalled with ſounds; he ſurveys his bloody hands with horror; he ſtarts from her propoſal of going back to beſmear the guards of Duncan's chamber, and ſhe ſnatches the reeking daggers from his trembling hands to finiſh the imperfect work—

Infirm of purpoſe,
Give me the daggers!

She returns on the ſcene, the deed which he revolted from is performed, and with the ſame unſhaken

unſhaken ferocity ſhe vauntingly diſplays her bloody trophies, and exclaims—

My hands are of your colour, but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white.

Fancied noiſes, the throbbings of his own quailing heart, had ſhaken the conſtancy of Macbeth; real ſounds, the certain ſignals of approaching viſiters, to whom the ſituation of Duncan muſt be revealed, do not intimidate her; ſhe is prepared for all trials, and coolly tells him—

I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry: Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then!

The ſeveral incidents thrown together in this ſcene of the murder of Duncan are of ſo ſtriking a ſort as to need no elucidation; they are better felt than deſcribed, and my attempts point at paſſages of more obſcurity, where the touches are thrown into ſhade, and the art of the author lies more out of ſight.

Lady Macbeth being now retired from the ſcene, we may in this interval, as we did in the concluſion of the former paper, permit the genius of Æſchylus to introduce a rival murderess on the ſtage.

Clytemneſtra has received her huſband Agamemnon, on his return from the capture of Troy, with ſtudied rather than cordial congratulations. He oppoſes the pompous ceremonies ſhe had deviſed for the diſplay of his entry, with a magnanimous contempt of ſuch adulation—

Sooth me not with ſtrains
Of adulation, as a girl; nor raiſe
As to ſome proud barbaric king, that loves
Loud acclamations echoed from the mouths
Of proſtrate worſhippers, a clamorous welcome:
Spread not the ſtreets with tapeſtry; 'tis invidious;
Theſe are the honours we ſhou'd pay the gods;
For mortal men to tread on ornaments
Of rich embroidery—no; I dare not do it:
Reſpect me as a man, not as a god.

(POTTER'S ÆSCHYLUS.)

Theſe are heroic ſentiments, but in concluſion the perſuaſions of the wife overcome the modeſt ſcruples of the hero, and he enters his palace in the pomp of triumph; when ſoon his dying groans are echoed from the interior ſcene, and the adultreſs comes forth beſprinkled with the blood of her huſband to avow the murder—

I ſtruck him twice, and twice
He groan'd; then died: A third time as he lay
I gor'd him with a wound; a grateful preſent
To the ſtern god, that in the realms below

Reigns

Reigns o'er the dead: There let him take his ſeat.
He lay; and ſpouting from his wounds a ſtream
Of blood, bedew'd me with theſe crimſon drops.
I glory in them, like the genial earth,
When the warm ſhowers of heav'n deſcend, and wake
The flowrets to unfold their vermeil leaves.
Come then, ye reverend ſenators of Argos,
Joy with me, if your hearts be turn'd to joy,
And ſuch I wiſh them.

(POTTER.)

N° LVII.

Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis. (HORAT.)

RICHARD perpetrates ſeveral murders, but as the poet has not marked them with any diſtinguiſhing circumſtances, they need not be enumerated on this occaſion. Some of theſe he commits in his paſſage to power, others after he has ſeated himſelf on the throne. Ferociouſneſs and hypocriſy are the prevailing features of his

character, and as he has no one honourable or humane principle to combat, there is no opening for the poet to develope thoſe ſecret workings of conſcience, which he has ſo naturally done in the caſe of Macbeth.

The murder of Clarence, thoſe of the queen's kinſmen and of the young princes in the Tower are all perpetrated in the ſame ſtile of hardened cruelty. He takes the ordinary method of hiring ruffians to perform his bloody commiſſions, and there is nothing which particularly marks the ſcenes, wherein he imparts his purpoſes and inſtructions to them; a very little management ſerves even for Tirrel, who is not a profeſſional murderer, but is reported to be—

——a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit.

With ſuch a ſpirit Richard does not hold it neceſſary to uſe much circumlocution, and ſeems more in dread of delay than diſappointment or diſcovery—

R. *Is thy name Tirrel?*
T. *James Tirrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.*
R. *Art thou indeed?*
T. *Prove me, my gracious lord.*
R. *Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?*
T. *Pleaſe you, I had rather kill two enemies.*

R. *Why*

R. *Why then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,*
Foes to my reſt and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tirrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

If the reader calls to mind by what circumſpect and ſlow degrees King John opens himſelf to Hubert under a ſimilar ſituation with this of Richard, he will be convinced that Shakeſpear conſidered preſervation of character too important to ſacrifice on any occaſion to the vanity of fine writing; for the ſcene he has given to John, a timorous and wary prince, would ill ſuit the character of Richard. A cloſe obſervance of nature is the firſt excellence of a dramatic poet, and the peculiar property of him we are reviewing.

In theſe two ſtages of our compariſon, Macbeth appears with far more dramatic effect than Richard, whoſe firſt ſcenes preſent us with little elſe than traits of perfidiouſneſs, one ſtriking incident of ſucceſsful hypocriſy practiſed on the Lady Anne, and an open unreſerved diſplay of remorſeleſs cruelty. Impatient of any pauſe or interruption in his meaſures, a dangerous friend and a determined foe:—

Effera torquebant avidæ præcordia curæ
Effugeret ne quis gladios

Creſcebat ſcelerata ſitis; prædæque recentis
Incæſtus flagrabat amor, nulluſque petendi
Cogendive pudor: crebris perjuria nectit
Blanditiis; ſociat perituro fœdere dextras:
Si ſemel e tantis poſcenti quiſque negaſſet,
Effera præſumido quatiebat corda furore.

(CLAUDIAN.)

The ſole remorſe his greedy heart can feel
Is if one life eſcapes his murdering ſteel:
That, which ſhould quench, inflames his craving thirſt,
The ſecond draught ſtill deepens on the firſt;
Shameleſs by force or fraud to work his way,
And no leſs prompt to flatter than betray:
This hour makes friendſhips which he breaks the next,
And every breach ſupplies a vile pretext
Baſely to cancel all conceſſions paſt,
If in a thouſand you deny the laſt.

Macbeth has now touched the goal of his ambition—

Thou haſt it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weyward ſiſters promis'd——

The auguries of the witches, to which no reference had been made in the heat of the main action, are now called to mind with many circumſtances of galling aggravation, not only as to the prophecy, which gave the crown to the poſterity

ſterity of Banquo, but alſo of his own ſafety from the gallant and noble nature of that general—

Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which wou'd be fear'd.

Aſſaſſins are provided to murder Banquo and his ſon, but this is not decided upon without much previous meditation, and he ſeems prompted to the act more by deſperation and dread, than by any ſettled reſolution or natural cruelty. He convenes the aſſaſſins, and in a conference of ſome length works round to his point, by inſinuations calculated to perſuade them to diſpatch Banquo for injuries done to them, rather than from motives which reſpect himſelf; in which ſcene we diſcover a remarkable preſervation of character in Macbeth, who by this artifice ſtrives to blind his own conſcience and throw the guilt upon theirs: In this as in the former action there is nothing kingly in his cruelty; in one he acted under the controuling ſpirit of his wife, here he plays the ſycophant with hired aſſaſſins, and confeſſes himſelf under awe of the ſuperior genius of Banquo—

——*Under him*
My genius is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Antony's was by Cæſar.

There

There is not a circumſtance ever ſo minute in the conduct of this character, which does not point out to a diligent obſerver how cloſely the poet has adhered to nature in every part of his delineation: Accordingly we obſerve a peculiarity in the language of Macbeth, which is highly characteriſtic; I mean the figurative turn of his expreſſions, whenever his imagination ſtrikes upon any gloomy ſubject—

Oh! full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!

And in this ſtate of ſelf-torment every object of ſolemnity, though ever ſo familiar, becomes an object of terror; night, for inſtance, is not mentioned by him without an accompaniment of every melancholy attribute, which a frighted fancy can annex—

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight, ere to black Hecate's ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung Night's *yawning peal, there ſhall be done*
A deed of dreadful note.

It is the darkneſs of his ſoul that makes the night ſo dreadful, the *ſcorpions in his mind* convoke theſe images—but he has not yet done with it—

Come,

Come, fealing Night!
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowſe,
Whilſt Night's *black agents to their prey do rouſe.*

The critic of language will obſerve that here is a redundancy and crowd of metaphors, but the critic of nature will acknowledge that it is the very truth of character, and join me in the remark which points it out.

In a tragedy ſo replete with murder, and in the diſplay of a character ſo tortured by *the ſcorpions of the mind*, as this of Macbeth, it is naturally to be expected that a genius like Shakeſpear's will call in the dead for their ſhare in the horror of the ſcene. This he has done in two ſeveral ways; firſt, by the apparition of Banquo, which is inviſible to all but Macbeth; ſecondly, by the ſpells and incantations of the witches, who raiſe ſpirits, which in certain ænigmatical predictions ſhadow out his fate; and theſe are followed by a train of unborn revelations, drawn by the power of magic from the womb of futurity before their time.

It appears that Lady Macbeth was not a party

in the aſſaſſination of Banquo, and the ghoſt, though twice viſible to the murderer, is not ſeen by her. This is another incident highly worthy a particular remark; for by keeping her free from any participation in the horror of the ſight, the poet is enabled to make a ſcene aſide between Macbeth and her, which contains ſome of the fineſt ſpeakings in the play. The ghoſt in Hamlet, and the ghoſt of Darius in Æſchylus are introduced by preparation and prelude, this of Banquo is an object of ſurprize as well as terror, and there is ſcarce an incident to be named of more ſtriking and dramatic effect: it is one amongſt various proofs, that muſt convince every man, who looks critically into Shakeſpear, that he was as great a maſter in art as in nature: How it ſtrikes me in this point of view I ſhall take the liberty of explaining more at length.

The murder of Duncan is the main incident of this tragedy; that of Banquo is ſubordinate: Duncan's blood was not only the firſt ſo ſhed by Macbeth, but the dignity of the perſon murdered, and the aggravating circumſtances attending it, conſtitute a crime of the very firſt magnitude: For theſe reaſons it might be expected that the ſpectre moſt likely to haunt his imagination, would be that of Duncan; and the rather

rather becauſe his terror and compunction were ſo much more ſtrongly excited by this firſt murder, perpetrated with his own hands, than by the ſubſequent one of Banquo, palliated by evaſion and committed to others. But when we recollect that Lady Macbeth was not only his accomplice, but in fact the firſt mover in the murder of the king, we ſee good reaſon why Duncan's ghoſt could not be called up, unleſs ſhe, who ſo deeply partook of the guilt, had alſo ſhared in the horror of the appearance; and as viſitations of a peculiar ſort were reſerved for her in a later period of the drama, it was a point of conſummate art and judgment to exclude her from the affair of Banquo's murder, and make the more ſuſceptible conſcience of Macbeth figure this apparition in his mind's eye without any other witneſs to the viſion.

I perſuade myſelf theſe will appear very natural reaſons, why the poet did not raiſe the ghoſt of the king in preference, though it is reaſonable to think it would have been a much more noble incident in his hands, than this of Banquo. It now remains to examine whether this is more fully juſtified by the peculiar ſituation reſerved for Lady Macbeth, to which I have before adverted.

The intrepidity of her character is ſo marked, that

that we may well ſuppoſe no waking terrors could ſhake it, and in this light it muſt be acknowledged a very natural expedient to make her vent the agonies of her conſcience in ſleep. Dreams have been a dramatic expedient ever ſince there has been a drama; Æſchylus recites the dream of Clytemneſtra immediately before her ſon Oreſtes kills her; ſhe fancies ſhe has given birth to a dragon—

This new-born dragon, like an infant child,
Laid in the cradle ſeem'd in want of food;
And in her dream ſhe held it to her breaſt:
The milk he drew was mixt with clotted blood.

(POTTER.)

This which is done by Æſchylus, has been done by hundreds after him; but to introduce upon the ſcene the very perſon, walking in ſleep, and giving vent to the horrid fancies, that haunt her dream, in broken ſpeeches expreſſive of her guilt, uttered before witneſſes, and accompanied with that natural and expreſſive action of waſhing the blood from her defiled hands, was reſerved for the original and bold genius of Shakeſpear only. It is an incident ſo full of tragic horror, ſo daring and at the ſame time ſo truly characteriſtic, that it ſtands out as a prominent feature in the moſt ſublime drama in the world, and

and fully compenſates for any ſacrifices the poet might have made in the previous arrangement of his incidents.

N° LVIII.

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.
(HORAT.)

MACBETH now approaches towards his cataſtrophe: The heir of the crown is in arms, and he muſt defend valiantly what he has uſurped villainouſly. His natural valour does not ſuffice for this trial; he reſorts to the witches; he conjures them to give anſwer to what he ſhall aſk, and he again runs into all thoſe pleonaſms of ſpeech, which I before remarked: The predictions he extorts from the apparitions are ſo couched as to ſeem favourable to him, at the ſame time that they correſpond with events, which afterwards prove fatal. The management of this incident has ſo cloſe a reſemblance to what the poet Claudian has done in the inſtance of Ruffinus's viſion the night

night before his maſſacre, that I am tempted to inſert the paſſage—

Ecce videt diras alludere protinus umbras,
Quas dedit ipſe neci; quarum quæ clarior una
Viſa loqui—Prob! ſurge toro; quid plurima volvis
Anxius? hæc requiem rebus, ſinemque labori
Allatura dies: Omni jam plebe redibis
Altior, et læti manibus portabere vulgi—
Hæc canit ambages. Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec capitis fixi præſagia ſenſit.

A ghaſtly viſion in the dead of night
Of mangled, murder'd ghoſts appall his ſight;
When hark! a voice from forth the ſhadowy train
Cries out—Awake! what thoughts perplex thy brain?
Awake, ariſe! behold the day appears,
That ends thy labours, and diſpels thy fears:
To loftier heights thy tow'ring head ſhall riſe,
And the glad crowd ſhall lift thee to the ſkies—
Thus ſpake the voice: He triumphs, nor beneath
Th' ambiguous omen ſees the doom of death.

Confiding in his auguries Macbeth now prepares for battle: by the firſt of theſe he is aſſured—

That none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

By the ſecond prediction he is told—

Macbeth

Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſht be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Dunſinane's high hill
Shall come againſt him.

Theſe he calls *ſweet boadments!* and concludes—

To ſleep in ſpite of thunder.

This play is ſo replete with excellencies, that it would exceed all bounds, if I were to notice every one; I paſs over therefore that incomparable ſcene between Macbeth, the phyſician and Seyton, in which the agitations of his mind are ſo wonderfully expreſſed, and, without pauſing for the death of Lady Macbeth, I conduct the reader to that criſis, when the meſſenger has announced the ominous approach of Birnam-wood—A burſt of fury, an exclamation ſeconded by a blow is the firſt natural exploſion of a ſoul ſo ſtung with *ſcorpions* as Macbeth's: The ſudden guſt is no ſooner diſcharged, than nature ſpeaks her own language, and the ſtill voice of conſcience, like reaſon in the midſt of madneſs, murmurs forth theſe mournful words—

I pall in reſolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.

With what an exquiſite feeling has this darling ſon of nature here thrown in this touching, this

pathetic ſentence, amidſt the very whirl and eddy of conflicting paſſions! Here is a ſtudy for dramatic poets; this is a ſtring for an actor's ſkill to touch; this will diſcourſe ſweet muſic to the human heart, with which it is finely uniſoned, when ſtruck with the hand of a maſter.

The next ſtep brings us to the laſt ſcene of Macbeth's dramatic exiſtence: Fluſht with the blood of Siward he is encountered by Macduff, who croſſes him like his evil genius—Macbeth cries out—

Of all men elſe I have avoided thee.

To the laſt moment of character the faithful poet ſupports him: He breaks off from ſingle combat, and in the tremendous pauſe, ſo beautifully contrived to hang ſuſpenſe and terror on the moral ſcene of his exit, the tyrant driven to bay, and panting with the heat and ſtruggle of the fight, vauntingly exclaims—

Macb. *As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air*
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. *Deſpair thy charm!*
And let the Angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb.

Macb. *Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo!*
For it hath cow'd my better part of man.

There ſinks the ſpirit of Macbeth—

Behold! where ſtands
Th' uſurper's curſed head!

How completely does this coincide with the paſſage already quoted!

Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec CAPITIS FIXI *præſagia ſentit.*

Let us now approach the tent of *Richard*. It is matter of admiration to obſerve how many incidents the poet has collected in a ſmall compaſs, to ſet the military character of his chief perſonage in a brilliant point of view. A ſucceſſion of ſcouts and meſſengers report a variety of intelligence, all which, though generally of the moſt alarming nature, he meets not only with his natural gallantry, but ſometimes with pleaſantry and a certain archneſs and repartee, which is peculiar to him throughout the drama.

It is not only a curious, but delightful taſk to examine by what ſubtle and almoſt imperceptible touches Shakeſpear contrives to ſet ſuch marks upon his characters, as give them the

moſt living likeneſſes that can be conceived. In this, above all other poets that ever exiſted, he is a ſtudy and a model of perfection: The great diſtinguiſhing paſſions every poet may deſcribe; but Shakeſpear gives you their humours, their minuteſt foibles, thoſe little ſtarts and caprices, which nothing but the moſt intimate familiarity brings to light: Other authors write characters like hiſtorians; he like the boſom friend of the perſon he deſcribes. The following extracts will furniſh an example of what I have been ſaying.

Ratcliff informs Richard that a fleet is diſcovered on the weſtern coaſt, ſuppoſed to be the party of Richmond—

K. Rich. *Some light-foot friend poſt to the Duke of Norfolk;*
Ratcliff, thyſelf; or Cateſby——Where is he?
Cateſ. *Here, my good lord.*
K. Rich. *Cateſby, fly to the Duke.*
Cateſ. *I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.*
K. Rich. *Ratcliff, come hither; poſt to Saliſbury;*
When thou com'ſt thither—Dull, unmindful villain!
(To Cateſby.)
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cateſ. *Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,*
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.
K. Rich. *Oh, true, good Cateſby!*

I am perſuaded I need not point out to the reader's ſenſibility the fine turn in this expreſſion, *Good Cateſby!* How can we be ſurprized if ſuch a poet makes us in love even with his villains?—Ratcliff proceeds—

Rat. *What may it pleaſe you ſhall I do at Saliſbury?*
K. Rich. *Why, what wou'dſt thou do there before I go?*
Rat. *Your highneſs told me I ſhou'd poſt before.*
K. Rich. *My mind is chang'd.*

Theſe fine touches can eſcape no man, who has an eye for nature. Lord Stanley reports to Richard—

Stanl. *Richmond is on the ſeas.*
K. Rich. *There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!*
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

This reply is pointed with irony and invective: There are two cauſes in nature and character for this; firſt, Richard was before informed of the news; his paſſion was not taken by ſurprize, and he was enough at eaſe to make a play upon Stanley's words—*on the ſeas*—and retort—*be the ſeas on him!*—Secondly, Stanley was a ſuſpected ſubject, Richard was therefore intereſted to ſhew a contempt of his competitor before a man of ſuch doubtful allegiance. In the ſpirit of this impreſſion he urges Stanley to give an explicit

anſwer to the queſtion—*What doth he there?* Stanley endeavours to evade by anſwering that he *knows not but by gueſs:* The evaſion only ſtrengthens Richard's ſuſpicions, and he again puſhes him to diſcloſe what he only gueſſes—*Well, as you gueſs*—Stanley replies—

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. *Is the chair empty? Is the ſword unſway'd?*
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then tell me what makes he upon the ſea?

What a cluſter of characteriſtic excellencies are here before us? All theſe interrogatories are *ad hominem*; they fit no man but Stanley, they can be uttered by no man but Richard, and they can flow from the conceptions of no poet but the poet of nature.

Stanley's whole ſcene ought to be inveſtigated, for it is full of beauties, but I confeſs myſelf exhauſted with the taſk, and language does not ſuffice to furniſh freſh terms of admiration, which a cloſer ſcrutiny would call forth.

Other meſſengers ſucceed Lord Stanley, Richard's fiery impatience does not wait the telling, but taking the outſet of the account to be

be ominous, he ſtrikes the courier, who proceeding with his report concludes with the good tidings of Buckingham's diſperſion—Richard inſtantly retracts and ſays—

Oh! I cry thee mercy.
There is my purſe to cure that blow of thine.

This is another trait of the ſame caſt with that of *Good Cateſby.*

Battles are of the growth of modern tragedy; I am not learned enough in the old ſtage to know if Shakeſpear is the inventor of this bold and buſtling innovation; but I am ſure he is unrivalled in his execution of it, and this of Boſworth-field is a maſter-piece. I ſhall be leſs particular in my preſent deſcription of it, becauſe I may probably bring it under general review with other ſcenes of the like ſort.

It will be ſufficient to obſerve, that in the cataſtrophe of Richard nothing can be more glowing than the ſcene, nothing more brilliant than the conduct of the chief character: He exhibits the character of a perfect general, in whom however ardent courage ſeems the ruling feature; he performs every part of his office with minute attention, he enquires if certain alterations are made in his armour and even orders what particular horſe he intends to charge with: He is

gay with his chief officers, and even gracious to ſome he confides in: His gallantry is of ſo dazzling a quality, that we begin to feel the pride of Engliſhmen, and, overlooking his crimes, glory in our courageous king: Richmond is one of thoſe civil, conſcientious gentlemen, who are not very apt to captivate a ſpectator, and Richard, loaded as he is with enormities, riſes in the compariſon, and I ſuſpect carries the good wiſhes of many of his audience into action, and dies with their regret.

As ſoon as he retires to his tent the poet begins to put in motion his great moral machinery of the ghoſts. Trifles are not made for Shakeſpear; difficulties, that would have plunged the ſpirit of any other poet, and turned his ſcenery into inevitable ridicule, are nothing in his way; he brings forward a long ſtring of ghoſts, and puts a ſpeech into each of their mouths without any fear of conſequences. Richard ſtarts from his couch, and before he has ſhaken off the terrors of his dream, cries out—

Give me another horſe!—Bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft, I did but dream——
O coward conſcience——&c.

But I may conclude my ſubject; every reader can go on with the ſoliloquy, and no words of mine

mine can be wanted to excite their admiration.

N° LIX.

AMONGST the various orders and ranks of men in civilized ſociety, ſome are entitled to our reſpect for the dignity and utility of their profeſſion; but as there are many more than merely natural wants to be provided for in a ſtate of high refinement, other arts and occupations will occur, which though not ſo highly to be reſpected for their utility, will yet be valued and careſſed for the pleaſures they beſtow. In this light there is perhaps no one order of men, who contribute more largely to the pleaſing and moral amuſements of the age, than our actors. As I mean to devote this paper to their uſe and ſervice, I ſhall begin it with a ſhort paſſage extracted from Mr. Dow's Hiſtory of Hindoſtan.

"During all theſe tranſactions the gates of "Delhi were kept ſhut. Famine began to rage "every day more and more; but the Shaw was "deaf to the miſeries of mankind. The public "ſpirit of *Tucki, a famous actor*, deſerves to be "recorded

" recorded upon this occaſion. He exhibited a " play before Nadir Shaw, with which that mo- " narch was ſo well pleaſed, that he commanded " Tucki to aſk, and what he wiſhed ſhould be " done for him. Tucki fell upon his face, and " ſaid, *O King, command the gates to be opened,* " *that the poor may not periſh!* His requeſt was " granted, and half the city poured into the " country; and the place was ſupplied in a few " days with plenty of proviſions."

Though it is not every actor's lot to ſave a city, yet it is his province to drive an enemy out of it, almoſt as formidable as famine.

There is ſuch a combination of natural gifts requiſite to the formation of a compleat actor, that it is more a caſe of wonder how ſo many good ones are to be found, than why ſo few inſtances of excellence can be produced. Every thing, that reſults from nature alone, lies out of the province of inſtruction, and no rules that I know of will ſerve to give a fine form, a fine voice, or even thoſe fine feelings, which are amongſt the firſt properties of an actor. Theſe in fact are the tools and materials of his trade, and theſe neither his own induſtry, nor any man's aſſiſtance can beſtow. But the right uſe and application of them is another queſtion, and there

he muſt look for his directions from education, induſtry and judgment.

A claſſical education, if it be not inſiſted on as indiſpenſable to a great actor, is yet ſo advantageous to him in every branch of his art, that it is a moſt happy circumſtance in their lot, who can avail themſelves of it.

Be this as it may, it behoves him in the very firſt place to be thoroughly verſed in all the chief dramatic writers of his own country. Of all theſe Shakeſpear is ſo out of ſight the principal, that for diſtinction ſake I will confine myſelf to him only. This author therefore muſt be ſtudied in the moſt critical and ſcrutinizing manner; not by parts, but in whole; for it is the verieſt folly in any young ſtudent for the ſtage to read by *character*, or attach himſelf to any one predominant part, in which he aims at a diſplay, until he has poſſeſt himſelf in the compleateſt manner of the whole drama, in which he is to ſtand. Every movement of the author's mind ſhould be unravelled, all thoſe ſmall but delicate incidents, which ſerve to announce or diſcriminate a leading character, every thing ſaid to him, or of him, as well as by him, are to be carefully gathered up; for Shakeſpear in particular paints ſo very cloſe to nature, and with ſuch marking touches,

touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear, when he is on his ſcene.

When an actor has done this, he will find his underſtanding ſo enlightened by the taſk, and his mind poſſeſt with ſuch a paſſion for what is natural, that he will ſcorn the ſorry practice of tricks, and that vain ſtudy of ſetting himſelf off by this or that preconcerted attitude, in which ſome handicraft-men, who were more like tumblers than tragedians, have in times paſt diſgraced their profeſſion: In ſhort, if he ſtudies his author he will have no need to ſtudy his looking-glaſs: Let him feel and he will be ſure to expreſs; Nature, that gave him limbs and organs of ſpeech, will be ſure to give him action, and he need not meaſure the board he is to fall upon, as if he was to make his exit down a trap.

There is one thing in particular I would wiſh him to avoid, which is a repugnance againſt appearing in characters of an unamiable ſort; (the ladies will obſerve I addreſs myſelf to both ſexes throughout:) It is a narrow notion to ſuppoſe that there can be any adheſion either of vice or virtue to the real character; or that revenge, cruelty, perfidiouſneſs or cowardice can be tranſpoſed into a man's nature, becauſe he profeſſionally repreſents theſe evil qualities. If I had

not

not determined againſt particularizing any perſon in this paper, I ſhould here quote the example of an actor, whoſe untimely death every friend of the drama muſt deplore, and whoſe good ſenſe I might appeal to in confirmation of my advice.

Of this above all things every actor may aſſure himſelf, that there is no calling or profeſſion in life, that can leſs endure the diſtractions of intemperance and diſſipation. A knowledge of the world no doubt is neceſſary to him, and he muſt therefore take his ſhare in ſociety, but there is no other introduction into the beſt company, but by meriting a place in it; and as for vulgar fellowſhips and connections, where a man is to act the *pleaſant fellow* and ſet the table in a roar, if he has not the ſpirit and diſcretion to decline them, he will ſoon find his profeſſional talents ſacrificed to his convivial ones; if he does not reſerve all his exertions for his art, nature muſt ſink under double duty, and the moſt that he can obtain in return will be pity.

An eminent actor ſhould reſolve to fortify himſelf againſt the many perſonal attacks, which in the preſent times he is to expect from friends as well as foes: by the former I mean thoſe friends, whoſe ill-judged applauſes are as dangerous to his repoſe as calumny itſelf. That

proper

proper ſenſe of himſelf, which holds a middle place between diffidence and arrogance, is what he muſt oppoſe to theſe attacks of extravagant applauſe or illiberal defamation, for gentlemen of wit and pleaſantry find ſo much amuſement in ſporting with the feelings of actors, that they will write; and there is a figure called *hyperbole* much in faſhion amongſt them, the excellent property of which figure is that it cuts both ways—*virtus ejus ex diverſo par augendi atque minuendi*—Now although the *hyperbole* is a figure of freedom, and has certain privileges, that go beyond credibility, yet I have the authority of *Quintilian* to ſay that it has bounds; on the outſide of truth, I confeſs, but ſtill within reaſon—*Quam vis enim eſt omnis hyperbole ultra fidem; non tamen eſſe debet ultra modum.*——An actor therefore will do wiſely to put no faith in ſuch a double-tongued figure, nor form any acquaintance with thoſe who are in the daily uſe of it.

If he would have better authority for the advice I give him, let him turn to his books, and he will not find a writer of eminence, either antient or modern, that will not tell him ſlander is a tax on merit. I ſhall inſtance only one of each, becauſe I will not burthen him with quotations. The firſt of theſe is *Tacitus*, a writer

of

of unqueſtionable authority, and one who has left as good receipts for wholeſome judgment in all worldly affairs as any man whatever: His maxim indeed is ſhort, for he makes no waſte of words on any occaſion; ſpeaking of certain libellous publications, he obſerves—*Spreta exoleſcunt; ſi iraſcare, agnita videntur:*—Which may be thus rendered—*Contempt diſarms abuſe; reſent, and you adopt it.*—The other which I ſhall adduce, is the judicious and amiable Mr. *Addiſon*, who is rather more diffuſive on the ſubject, but concludes his opinion with this recommendation of the preſcription above mentioned—*That it is a piece of fortitude, which every man owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impoſſible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himſelf, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty. (Spect.* N° 355.)

When I have ſaid this, I am free to own, that it is an act of aggravated cruelty to attack a man, whoſe profeſſion lays him ſo continually at mercy, and who has fewer defences than other men to reſort to. An actor has a claim upon the public for their protection, whoſe ſervant he is; and he ought to be dear to every man in particular, whoſe heart he has dilated with benevolence, or lightened with feſtivity; if we are grateful to the ſurgeon who aſſuages the pain of a feſtering

a feſtering ſore, or draws even a thorn from our fleſh, ſhould we not remember him with kindneſs, who heals our heart of its inquietude, and chears thoſe hours with gaiety and innocence, which we might elſe have devoted to gloomineſs or guilt?

If an actor has theſe claims upon the world at large, what ought he not to expect from the poet in particular? The poet's arms ſhould be his natural aſylum, a ſhield from the arrows of envy and detraction. An actor is in the capacity of a ſteward to every living muſe, and of an executor to every departed one: The poet digs up the ore; he ſifts it from the droſs, refines and purifies it for the mint; the actor ſets the ſtamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.

N° LX.

THERE is no period of antient hiſtory would afford a more uſeful ſtudy to a young prince, than an accurate delineation of the whole life of Tiberius: This ought to be done with great care and ability, for it is a character

character extremely difficult to develope, and one that by a continued chain of incidents furniſhes a leſſon in every link of its connexion highly intereſting to all pupils, but moſt to thoſe who are on the road to empire. To trace the conduct of Tiberius from his firſt appearance in hiſtory to his death, is as if we ſhould begin with the laſt acts of Auguſtus and read his ſtory backwards to its commencement in the civil wars; each narration would then begin with honour and conclude with infamy. If Auguſtus had never attained to empire, he would have had a moſt diſgraceful page in hiſtory; on the other hand, had Tiberius died with Germanicus, he would have merited a very glorious one: It ſhould ſeem therefore that he was by nature a better man than his predeceſſor. The cautious timid character of Auguſtus kept him under conſtant awe of thoſe he governed, and he was diligent to ſecure to himſelf the opinions of mankind; but there are rents and fiſſures enough in the veil, which adulation has thrown over him, through which to ſpy out the impurities and meanneſſes of his natural diſpoſition. Tiberius ſeems on his part alſo to have had a jealous holding and reſpect towards Germanicus, which had an influence over the early part of his reign; but it was a ſelf-reſtraint, founded in emulation,

not in fear. It is hinted that Auguſtus had in mind to reſtore the commonwealth, and give back her liberties to Rome; and theſe may very poſſibly have been his meditations; but they never aroſe in his mind till he found his life in the laſt ſtage of decay, when, having no heir of his own body, he would willingly have had the empire ceaſe with him, and left poſterity to draw the concluſion, that no ſucceſſor could be found fit to take it after him; this I can readily believe he would have done in his laſt moments, if he could, and even before his laſt moments if he dared; but the ſhock, which ſuch a reſolution might poſſibly have occaſioned, alarmed his fears, and he was too tenacious of power to quit it upon any other motives than thoſe of abſolute conviction that he could hold it no longer. This is ſo much in character, that I think it very probable he might have tried it upon Tiberius in his long death-bed converſation with him at Nola—*Revocatum ex itinere Tiberium diu ſecreto ſermone detinuit, neque poſt ulli majori negotio animum accommodavit. (Suetonius.)* This paſſage is very curious, and ſome important conjectures may fairly be grounded upon it. Suetonius ſays that the conference was *long*, and alſo that it was *private*; and he adds that Auguſtus, after his converſation with his ſucceſſor, never turned his

thoughts

thoughts to any important buſineſs, or in other words, any matter of ſtate whatever. The *ſecrecy* of this conference very much favours my conjecture, that he made an attempt to diſſuade Tiberius from holding on the empire, and the *length* of time it took up corroborates the probability of that conjecture; and I further incline to think it likely that it might make ſerious impreſſions on Tiberius's mind, as to the meaſure propoſed; for I can never believe that the repugnance, with which Tiberius took the charge of the government upon him, was wholly feigned, though hiſtorians agree in giving it that turn; his long and voluntary exile in the iſland of Rhodes, where he ſeemed for a time to have renounced all deſire of ſucceeding to the empire, might be a reaſon with Auguſtus for making this experiment upon a man of his cold and ſequeſtered habits. At all events I think it highly natural to ſuppoſe that Auguſtus would not have cloſetted him in this manner, if it were only for the purpoſe of giving him leſſons and inſtructions in the arts of government; for in that caſe his vanity, which made him act a part for applauſe even in his expiring moments, would have opened his doors to his family and attendants, that they might have been preſent to record his ſayings; and we ſhould have had as

many fine maxims in his dying ſpeech, as Socrates uttered in his priſon, or Seneca in his bath: Add to this, that he certainly bore no good-will to Tiberius, who was not a ſucceſſor to his mind, nor could he wiſh to elevate the Claudian family to the throne: It is not likely however that he altogether ſucceeded with Tiberius, or brought him to make any abſolute promiſe of abdication; for in that caſe he would not have failed to have taken credit with the people about him, for having been the means of reſtoring the liberties of his country, and he would have made as great a parade of patriotiſm, as would have become a Cato or a Solon; but the author above quoted ſays he took no further account of public buſineſs, and therefore we may conclude the conference, if it took that turn, did not come to any ſatisfactory concluſion on the point.

Tiberius on his acceſſion found the empire in a critical ſituation, for beſides the movements which Clemens on one part and Scribonius Libo on another were making, the Pannonian and German armies were in abſolute revolt. This was no time for making any change in the conſtitution of the imperial power, had he been ſo diſpoſed; as he was a man of deep meaſures, he held himſelf on the reſerve with the ſenate, and

ſuffered

ſueffred them to ſolicit his acceptance of the ſovereign power upon their knees: He wiſhed to have aſſeſſors in the government; he would take his ſhare, and whatever department in the ſtate they ſhould recommend to his charge, he would readily undertake. Had he perſiſted in refuſing the empire, or had he attempted to throw the conſtitution back to its firſt principles of freedom, the mutinous legions would have forced the ſovereignty upon Germanicus; but by this ſuggeſtion of a partition he artfully ſounded the temper of the ſenate, where there were ſome leading men of very doubtful characters, whom Auguſtus had marked out in his laſt illneſs; from two of theſe, Aſinius Gallus and L. Aruntius, Tiberius's propoſal drew an anſwer, in which they demanded of him to declare what particular department of the ſtate he would chuſe to have committed to him. This was opening enough for one of his penetration, and he drew his concluſions upon the ſpot, evading for the time the ſnare that was laid for him.

The ſervile and exceſſive adulation of the ſenate ſoon convinced him, that the Roman ſpirit had ſuffered a total change under the reign of Auguſtus, and that the ſtate might indeed be thrown into convulſions by any attempt at a

change in favour of freedom, but that ſlavery and ſubmiſſion under a deſpotic maſter was their determined choice, and if the alternative was to lie between himſelf and any other there was little room for heſitation: Who more fit than the adopted heir of Auguſtus, and a deſcendant of the Claudian houſe, which ranked ſo high in the Patrician nobility, and ſo ſuperior in pretenſions of anceſtry and merit to the Julian and Octavian gentry, from whom his predeceſſors were ignobly deſcended?

When the German and Pannonian mutinies were appeaſed, there ſeems to have been a period of repoſe, when he might have new-modelled the conſtitution, had he been ſo diſpoſed; but this I take to be appearance only, for thoſe mutinies had been quelled by Germanicus and Druſus, and both theſe princes were in the adoption; and the latter of a very turbulent and ambitious ſpirit.

For the ſpace of two compleat years Tiberius never ſtirred out of the doors of his palace, devoting his whole time to the affairs of government. In this period he certainly did many excellent things, and though his manners were not calculated for popularity, yet his reputation through the empire was univerſal; he regulated all domeſtic matters with conſummate prudence,

prudence, and on ſome occaſions with a liberal and courteous ſpirit: In the diſtant provinces, where wars and diſturbances were more frequent, public meaſures were more indebted for their ſucceſs to the good policy of his inſtructions, than to the courage and activity of his generals, though Germanicus was of the number.

The death of that moſt amiable and excellent prince, which was imputed to the machinations of Cneius Piſo, involved Tiberius in ſome degree in the ſame ſuſpicion; but as Tacitus in his account of the event gives admiſſion to an idle ſtory of ſorceries and incantations practiſed by Piſo for compaſſing the death of Germanicus, and ſtates no circumſtance that can give any reaſonable ground for belief that he actually poiſoned him, I am not inclined to give credit to the tranſaction, even in reſpect to Piſo's being guilty of the murder, much leſs with regard to Tiberius. Tacitus indeed hints at ſecret orders ſuppoſed by ſome to have been given by the emperor to Piſo; but this, which at beſt is mere matter of report, does not go to the affair of the poiſoning, but only to ſome private intimations, in which the empreſs was chief mover, for mortifying the pride of Agrippina. It is not to be ſuppoſed, when Piſo openly returned to Rome,

Rome, and ſtood a public trial, that theſe orders, had any ſuch exiſted, could have been ſo totally ſuppreſſed, that neither the guilty perſon ſhould avail himſelf of them, nor any one member of ſo great and numerous a family produce them in vindication of him when yet living, or of his memory after death; and this in no period of time, not even when the Claudian family were ſuperſeded in the empire, and anecdotes were induſtriouſly collected to blacken the character of Tiberius.

The death of Druſus followed that of Germanicus, and the ſame groundleſs ſuſpicions were levelled at the emperor; but theſe are rejected by Tacitus with contempt, and the words he uſes, which are very ſtrong, are a proper anſwer to both imputations——*Neque quiſquam ſcriptor tam infenſus exſtitit, ut Tiberio objectaret, cum omniæ conquirerent, intenderentque.*

It would have been moſt happy for the memory of Tiberius had his life been terminated at this fatal period; henceforward he ſeems to have been ſurrendered to deſperation and diſguſt; he retired to the Campania, and devolved the government upon his miniſter Sejanus; there were times, in which ſome marks of his former ſpirit appeared, but they were ſhort and tranſient emanations;

emanations; the baſeſt of mankind had poſſeſſion of his ſoul, and whether he was drugged by Sejanus and his agents, or that his brain was affected by a revulſion of that ſcrophulous humour, which broke out with ſuch violence in his face and body, it ſeems highly natural to conjecture, that he was never in his ſound mind during his ſeceſſion in the iſland of Caprea. A number of circumſtances might be adduced in ſupport of this conjecture; it is ſufficient to inſtance his extraordinary letter to the ſenate; can words be found more expreſſive of a diſtracted and deſperate ſtate of mind than the following?—*Quid ſcribam vobis, Patres Conſcripti, aut quomodo ſcribam, aut quid omnino non ſcribam hoc tempore, Dii me deæque pejus perdant, quam perire quotidie ſentio, ſi ſcio.*

I beg leave now to repeat what I advanced in the outſet of this paper, and which alone led me to the ſubject of it, that a detail comprizing all the great and intereſting events within the life of Tiberius, with reaſonings and remarks judiciouſly interſperſed, as theſe occurrences ariſe in the courſe of the narration, would compound ſuch a body of uſeful precepts and inſtructions, as would apply to every ſpecies of example, which a prince ſhould be taught either to imi-

tate or avoid; and these lessons would carry the greater force and recommendation with them, and have an advantage over all fabulous morals, by being incorporated with a real history of the most interesting sort.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.